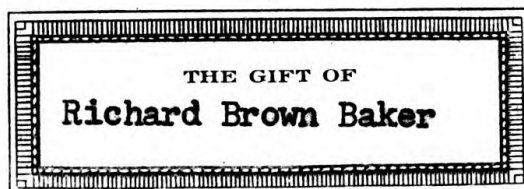
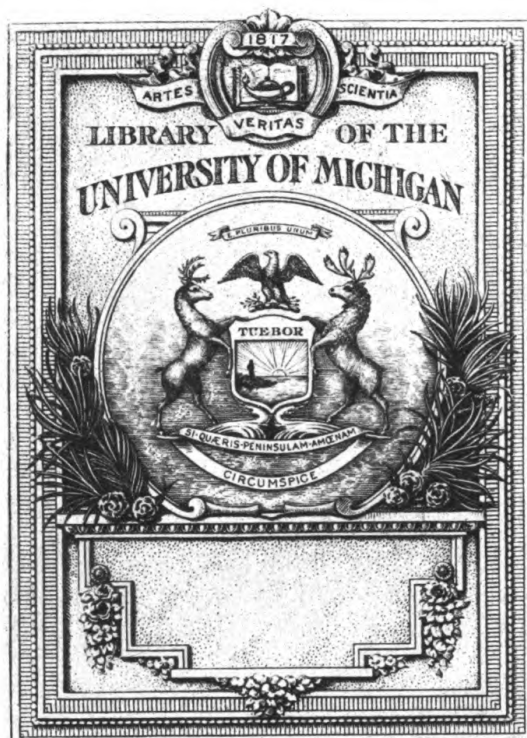


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# The Year of the Buzz Bomb









# The Year of the Buzz Bomb

BY RICHARD BROWN BAKER

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Stairways to Another Stage (*verse*)  
The Year of the Buzz Bomb

# The Year of the Buzz Bomb

*A Journal of London, 1944*

by Richard Brown Baker



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# The Year of the Buzz Bomb





# Introduction

London in April and May of 1944 was a battered, cheered hero. The whole Allied world admired the fortitude of its inhabitants, survivors of the fires and explosions of persistent *Luftwaffe* attacks.

By the late spring of '44 the horrendous German air raids of early World War II were history. The debris of the Blitz had been tidied up. Houses stood as shells, or holes gaped in their places. Cellars of destroyed buildings were either filled with reserves of water to meet the danger of new fires, or, in cavities where splintered ruin had prevailed, grass and weeds were sprouting.

The long interval of comparative tranquillity that followed the air attacks of '40 and '41 had, it is true, been memorably interrupted in the February just over by harsh new raids, the "Little Blitz," in which the area alongside Piccadilly was hit. But these new attacks tapered off as March was ending.

Spring and confidence—the confidence of security and eventual victory—gave London animation. Jonquils were for sale on outdoor pushcarts, reflecting yellow cheer against the drabness of buildings long unpainted. Streets and places of amusement were crowded with soldiers, thousands of whom were American GI's on leave from their rural bases. Everywhere was activity and restrained excitement. An historic adventure, the liberation of Western Europe from Nazi domination, was in the offing.

It was to this London that I came as one of the innumerable Americans shipped overseas for the war effort, having crossed the Atlantic on the crowded *Queen Mary*, nearly fifteen thousand

troops aboard, which sped out of submarine range into a Scottish port toward the end of March. We came, a batch of us, by night in a darkened troop-train to London, where we arrived in a gray dawn as one of the last of the "Little Blitz" air attacks was ending.

I had been in London on several occasions previously, my customary hotel being situated in Mayfair not far—considering the enormous areas that make up Greater London—from the place where I was mostly to work (a converted private mansion on Brook Street, nearly opposite the famous Claridge's Hotel) and not far from Albany, the history-filled "block of flats" (as the British describe what we, to their horror, call apartments) where I was fortunate enough to live. Luck, the hospitality of the British, or the instinct of officers for acquiring the best quarters, had resulted in a clustering of American war-agency offices—of which mine was one—near the American Embassy on Grosvenor Square. I was thus to live and work in the part of London I knew best.

After 1944's balmy, agreeable April the weather worsened. Then by mid-June began the prolonged and terrifying bombardment of London by flying bombs (nicknamed also V-1, buzz bombs, doodle bugs, rocket bombs, and pilotless planes) that were launched from across the English Channel.

This assault was memorable for either of two reasons: as an opening example of prolonged attack upon urban areas by death-dealing missiles launched and guided from distant land bases, or as one of the last occasions, in direct descent from the Roman or medieval siege, when a great city came through alive and standing after months of bombardment. Remembering that in 1944 the first atomic bomb had not yet been exploded and that guided missiles were in their technical infancy, one realizes unhappily that future attackers of a metropolis will use explosives far more effective than the doodle bugs hurled at London in 1944 by the desperate Germans.

Before those aspects of London's 1944 experience which were unique can be distinguished, a longer perspective than we possess

is needed. In 2044, if there are students, they will, as they examine the record, be struck by the incompleteness of the damage achieved, or be horrified by its magnitude, according to what has occurred since. In the meantime, I believe it interesting to know what could happen to, and be observed by, an ordinary individual resident in London during the flying-bomb attacks—a time so abnormal by preceding standards that the sight of hundreds of people seeking sleep night after night in every stale-aired station of the London Underground became almost too commonplace for mention.

Although present myself, I find it hard to revive the sensation of life in London during those months; difficult to remember precisely how it felt to be continuously under threat of death while living a routine city existence. The years since have blunted and almost eradicated impressions that at the time were terrifyingly vivid.

If this dimming of experience could occur to one who was there, it is no surprise that people who were not in London show few signs of recollecting, in any but the haziest generalities, the impact on London of the flying bombs. For censorship obliged London to lick its wounds in silence. The British authorities wanted to keep from the Germans any information on their hits that would help improve their aim. Publications and private correspondents had therefore to ignore completely thousands of catastrophes that in peacetime would each have made headline news.

Less than a month before the first flying bombs began to hit, I resumed my diary. As it was a jealously guarded document, never shown to another individual, I felt free to describe in its pages what I could never have put into letters, for I knew that if I were to leave England before the war's end (as I did) security regulations would oblige me to deposit my journal with the military authorities for safekeeping until after hostilities ceased, thereby keeping it from possible enemy capture. Diaries have great defects—they are self-centered, plotless, discursive, and thin—but despite these blemishes I have brought mine to light, dis-

playing it as written, with excisions but no amendments, because I believe that it does convey something of the day-to-day uncertainty, the mixture of abnormality and routine, that existed in London during the intermittent, yet psychologically continuous attacks of 1944. I made a point of describing every bombing incident that occurred within my direct experience. A reader may therefore learn the little or the much of one individual's experience.

As I was naturally concerned with more than bombs, the diary is not confined to explosions. It touches also upon another aspect of London that is apart from normal British life, although belonging to an honorable English tradition: London in the role of a center of refuge for political leaders exiled from their native countries. My work had made me a student of political developments in Western Europe; it occasioned my meeting a number of men who could no longer live in the countries of which they had once been leaders. The preoccupation of these exiles with events across the Channel may seem distracting from the diary's major theme of London as a bombed English metropolis temporarily overrun by Allied personnel. But London in '44 was far more than a congeries of British-built, British-inhabited buildings surrounded by the lovely countryside of southern England: it was a focal point for planning the new Europe that was to emerge after Hitler. It was, as it has always been, an insularly British city—to the point, almost, of seeming unaware of non-British ways of living—and yet simultaneously an international capital with a world outlook.

# The Diary

*May 19, 1944—London*

More than six weeks have gone by since I arrived in London—the whole of a beautiful April and half of a less endearing May.

I intend to resume the occasional keeping of my diary; for despite the security precautions I must observe, even the least of my observations should have an interest for me later, inasmuch as I am now in the country from which the United States and the British Commonwealth are presently to launch their offensive against the Germans in Western Europe.

Thus the normal and pleasant flow of my life is carried out against the background of shapening history. The terrible trials to come can only be dimly imagined now. I suspect that I shall write trivial notations, but they will help to keep in perspective the large drama of military and political turmoil.

*May 23, 1944—London*

This evening, as guest of Edward de Stein, Lady Soubury's brother, I dined at an old London club called Pratts, just off St. James's Street. Pratts is unique: entirely Victorian in appearance, small (scarcely more than two rooms in the basement of an 18th-century house) and extremely distinguished in

its membership. The unique aspect of Pratts is that the members dine around a common table that seats no more than twelve persons. Everybody, by tradition, is free to join in conversation with his neighbors. The club has been in existence for well over a century and is now owned by the Duke of Devonshire.

Mr. de Stein had told me that cabinet ministers were frequent diners at Pratts (Winston Churchill is a member), but I was nevertheless surprised to find myself seated at table with the Duke of Alba (the Spanish ambassador), Sir Charles Petrie (the historian), a member of Parliament named Strauss, who is a Parliamentary undersecretary, and others of possibly equal distinction. At times the conversation was general, and my host contributed several fine anecdotes, as did Petrie and Alba. It was tantalizing to overhear at other times mere snatches of talk, such as: "Lord Salisbury once told me—," "Sam Hoare said last night—," and so on. The conversation focused at one time on equestrian and commemorative statues. Most of the men at table cited particular statues they considered ridiculous. Petrie challenged us to name a single statue of a man dressed in trousers which did not look absurd. Nobody took him up.

After dining we moved into the adjacent room, where a fire was burning in a large fireplace, and there drank our port and coffee. Others then went in to dinner, for quite a few people were present. De Stein introduced me to a war-wounded young Astor. Later we had some talk with the Postmaster General, Captain Harry Crookshank, who was prevailed upon by De Stein to present me to the Duke of Alba, as the Duke was leaving. Mr. de Stein told the Postmaster General that I ought to become a member of Buck's Club and, apparently to bolster my prestige, declared that I lived in Albany. The Postmaster General was duly impressed, remarking that he thought it took fifteen years of waiting to get into Albany.\*

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\* Albany, opened in 1802 as the first block of flats in London, has had many distinguished residents, among whom in the 19th century were Lord Byron, Wordsworth, and Macaulay.



Upon the arrival of the Duke of Devonshire, I was presented to him. The ducal presence caused a slight flutter, I thought. Another late arrival was Sir George Clark, ex-British Ambassador to Russia, according to my host. I didn't meet him.

I must say that Pratts is an unusual institution: cozy, entirely informal, and yet frequented by the men who lead English politics, society, and business, who there cast off their outer shells. Women, however distinguished, do not gain admittance.

### *May 25, 1944—London*

I began my work in the French Duty Room of P.I.D. [Political Intelligence Department] this morning at eight. My British opposite number was Mrs. Mathews, a quick-minded, and I dare say vigorous-minded, young woman. We started the day by reading all the London dailies, marking items on France with a red pencil.

At 5:45 Jean-Jacques Edwardes\* and I went to hear M. François Forestier speak on the French Resistance Movement, for which he is a delegate in London. He told some hair-raising stories of the heroic and dangerous struggle of the French underground. I am only just beginning to perceive the extraordinary drama of the Resistance. It will furnish a rich canvas for French literature: all the elements of great tragedy are packed into the lives of the Resistance workers, too many of whom die in the effort to liberate France.

At the conclusion of Forestier's account, which he delivered sitting down, as if he were a man from whom physical vitality had been drawn off by the ardors of his experience in France (he was imprisoned by the Gestapo too), Admiral d'Argenlieu talked

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\* An American colleague, a lieutenant in the Army of the United States, who, like myself, was temporarily assigned to P.I.D.

for a few impassioned moments. D'Argenlieu is a man with an extraordinary career. When the war broke out he was a retired naval officer who had become a monk and was head of the Carmelite Order. At France's defeat, he joined De Gaulle and served for a time in New Caledonia, where he got on far from smoothly with Anglo-American authorities. From the way he shouted this afternoon, I can see he hasn't a meek, pacific temperament. He is like some fighting medieval ecclesiastic. I can picture him celebrating mass on the bashed-in rampart of a sacked Moorish fortress.

*May 27, 1944—London*

Last night, upon coming home, I found Scott Charles's\* younger brother Richard alone in the living-room, reading. I gave him some whisky, and we talked until 2 A.M. Richard is a lieutenant (shortly to be made captain), the navigator of a lead bomber. He has flown at the head of great fleets of planes over Berlin, Brussels, Munich, and so forth, dropping bombs.

Richard is a flat twenty: he has never been on the European continent on land, but only to fly over it, and regards his task of navigating a bomber to targets like Berlin as a straight military duty, in which he thinks only of the technical task and does not let his imagination dwell on the fate of individuals and buildings. He considers that U.S. bombers have a poor standard of accuracy; says the newspaper accounts of the destruction in Berlin are a vast exaggeration; and disbelieves the assertion of his higher officers that Berlin is all-important to the Germans, so that its annihilation will shatter their will to fight. Were I a German—a good-hearted young mother in Munich, for example—I should

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\* Scott Charles, Lt. USNR, rented an extra bedroom in my flat. He was aide to a commodore with headquarters in London.

hate Richard Charles with passionate vehemence as an inhuman destroyer of lives and property. But actually he is, as I could see, a mild, sensitive, well-bred, nice young American, with no visible trace of cruelty or hate—a young man with an unpleasant job to do, who does as he is told. Richard talked to me a lot about his home in America, describing the community and the house. It seemed to me that his strongest emotion probably is a longing to get safely home. And if he does get home in another few months unscratched, I don't believe the war, which has been on all through his adolescence, will greatly have affected his character.

In some trepidation I went at about 6:30 to a sherry party given by the Postmaster General, Captain Crookshank,\* at his house in Pont Street, Belgravia. Captain Crookshank had invited me by a brief personal note, mentioning our meeting at Pratts Club earlier in the week.

He presented me to a man whose name I did not catch, evidently one of the principal economic advisers in the Foreign Office, who in recent years has been *en poste* in Vienna, Rome and Paris. His wife and I were speaking of Rome, toward which the Allied Armies are at this moment advancing, and I said I hoped the city would be spared destruction. She agreed and then remarked, "I'm most worried about Paris. We have all our things there." Remark so typical of a diplomatist's wife! The loveliest and most regal cities of the world are viewed by the wives of diplomats as so many stage settings, to be judged by their convenience for the handling of perpetual domestic and social pettinesses.

Captain Crookshank later presented me to "Mr. Beaver (?), one of the Prime Minister's secretaries." Beaver (?) told me I should certainly revisit Oxford; I would find it exactly the same as ever, and the dons, without caring a hoot about me personally,

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\* Upon the formation of the Conservative Government in 1951, Prime Minister Churchill appointed Captain Crookshank leader of the House of Commons.

would welcome my coming, as it would give them an occasion to drink a second glass of port in the Senior Common Room.

Upon my saying that Oxford's ability to stay unchanged derived partly from the good luck of having had none of the colleges blitzed, Mr. Beaver replied that if one or two had been annihilated, he felt sure the other colleges would have rejoiced. A caustic wit, the Prime Minister's secretary.

### *May 28, 1944—London*

In the Duty Room this morning we had a report that 1,100 people had been killed yesterday in a U.S. bombing attack on Marseilles. This figure shocked us, for it far exceeds the casualty figures that usually follow air attacks. "What is the use of doing political warfare in France," cried Nora Beloff, "when the French by now must hate us violently?"

In the course of a chat with Scott Charles, whom I met by chance in our rooms this evening (we seldom see each other more than once a week), I remarked that all the Englishmen whom I meet praise General Eisenhower.

"You know why, don't you?" he answered.

I said I hadn't the faintest idea.

Scott said that General Eisenhower is amazingly generous to British supply demands. Scott himself works in the supply end of operations and knows, I presume, whereof he speaks. He said the British requests for American supplies have far exceeded original calculations. When junior American officers refuse British supply demands, the British invariably approach higher levels. When the request reaches Eisenhower, says Scott, Eisenhower always gives in to the British demand. Scott thinks it's a crime the amount of American equipment that has thus been taken away from U.S. forces to supply the British.

*May 31, 1944—London*

I had dinner tonight with Jean-Jacques at the Martinez restaurant on Swallow Street, just off Regent Street. As we were finishing our quite ordinary repast, the waiter came up and said to Jean-Jacques that an American officer would like to see him downstairs.

We said, who was he, and what was his rank, and so on? The waiter didn't know. So Jean-Jacques went down and presently returned looking slightly troubled. He said he'd have to pay his bill and hurry off: it was about his uniform; it wasn't quite regulation. We went down and there was a burly, white-helmeted U.S. military policeman standing just inside the entrance. Jean-Jacques had to go with him to report. Outside there were five other M.P.'s conspicuous in their white helmets. (Londoners find these white helmets, which have earned M.P.'s the nickname of snowdrops, too conspicuous to be in the best taste.)

Poor Jean-Jacques had to walk off to Leicester Square, two M.P.'s in front, one beside, and two behind him. Passers-by stared vigorously, no doubt thinking they beheld a spy or a murderer.

Jean-Jacques later telephoned me to say he had got off, receiving no punishment more than a reproof, after explaining that his uniform had been made in Paris with the American Field Service in mind. He thoroughly enjoyed the spectacle of his own discomfiture, and laughed heartily at himself. Jean-Jacques has the gift of laughter; it is part of his charm.

Scott has just come in after another long day of working on invasion plans. He remarked that he finds the work so absorbing that he forgets men will be killed when the plans go into operation. I told him that I had seen the prediction of a neutral general that the Allies will limit their offensive to obtain certain coastal areas to use as air bases. Scott said that if that were so he

had been shown a false set of plans. Everything is figured out in detail, he said, for the first four months of the invasion. If the invasion forces succeed in holding on and establishing a steady flow of materials for the first month, the most difficult time will be past. Scott said he had *not* seen plans carrying our forces as far as Berlin.

### *June 3, 1944—London*

The news that Rouen Cathedral had been bombed again and is aflame pains me deeply. I hope the report is true that the flames have been controlled. What a loss the disappearance of that great cathedral would be to the civilized world! Already diminished is the medieval atmosphere of the city of Rouen, if reports of widespread destruction are true. How horrible that the allies of France should be the inflictors of this grievous damage.

I dread the devastation that the Second Front will inevitably create on the Continent.

### *June 4, 1944—London*

Before lunch I walked a bit south of Piccadilly—through St. James's Square, up and down Carlton House Terrace, along Queen Anne Gate, and finally ended at Westminster Abbey. This seems to be the statesmen's section of London, being near, of course, to the Houses of Parliament. I came upon three separate residences of William Ewart Gladstone, one of them Chatham House, which was also occupied by Pitt and Lord Derby.

It amused me to discover that No. 4 Carlton House Terrace, the headquarters of General De Gaulle's Fighting French, is on the site of a former home of that wild bulldog of British foreign policy, Lord Palmerston. The attitude of offended distrust apparently taken toward De Gaulle by President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill reminds me of Queen Victoria's unhappy squirmings when confronted by the unpredictable acts of the difficult and belligerent Palmerston.

During my brief moments in the Abbey, I was reminded again of the damage to the Rouen Cathedral and was sorrowed the more vividly by the splendor of this Gothic church, recalling to me Rouen's beauty.

### *June 6, 1944—London*

On this historic morning I awoke without any premonition of what was afoot. It was my day to be on duty at 8 A.M., and I arrived at the French Duty Room perhaps two minutes late. Pamela Mathews was already there, grinning and chatting with Major Clare,\* who had been on all night and looked, as people always do after the night shift, faded and weary. It was not until I had taken off my mackintosh, murmured an apology for having been delayed by the bus, and asked Clare if anything had occurred during the night, that Marshal replied nonchalantly, "Why yes, the invasion began."

I quite thought he was pulling my leg. This infernal capacity of the British for understatement!

"Surely none of the newspapers carry the story," I said. (The complete calm of early risers on Piccadilly and Kingsway belied his statement.)

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\* Major Marshal Clare, like Mrs. Mathews and Nora Beloff, was a British member of the P.I.D. unit headed by Dr. Beck, a former university don.



"We haven't officially reported it," he said. "The German radio has told of parachute landings and all reports so far are from enemy sources. But it's the real thing. Dr. Beck came around at 2 A.M. to break the news."

Dr. Beck came in again soon after, tense and a trifle self-important. He was angry when he learned that Angela, Clare's secretary, had left to go home to bed. Angela shouldn't have left the building, he said, until the invasion was officially disclosed. Knowing that the landings were the real thing and not a feint, she possessed special information that she might reveal on the way home.

In another hour or so the BBC broadcast a communiqué from General Eisenhower's headquarters stating that Allied naval and air forces had begun landing troops on the northern coast of France. As we all gathered around the radio to hear this announcement and a speech from General Eisenhower, I could hardly keep back a smile of satisfaction. I noticed from the excited and happy light in the eyes of all the others that they had the same feeling of exhilaration.

The morning was hectic. Two telephones would ring at once in our room. Bulletins were frequently read to us from the News Room. We started keeping a log of events.

What a day! I have hardly had the time or the calm to let my mind absorb the fact that a momentous and risky military endeavor has commenced, on whose outcome all our fates depend. King George made an appeal for prayer over the wireless tonight. It is extraordinarily difficult to weed small private thoughts out of the mind and open it to the grave and elevated state in which the contemplation of such staggering, tragic, and dangerous events should place it. It is seldom in a lifetime or in a generation that there occur, at a particular hour quickly known to the entire globe, events on whose development the future of nations and races must turn.

*June 7, 1944—London*

The calmness with which London has greeted the opening of the offensive is remarkable. Yesterday there were quiet queues waiting for the newspapers to come out, and there are queues again today. But everybody carries on his normal activities as far as one can see.

The most excited person I've seen yet was Nora Beloff, who yesterday rushed to the office at ten, not being due there until three, and was so keyed up that every motion she made was in mad haste, as if victory depended on the speed with which she entered a room or grasped the telephone. She was so out of control that when she was asked the date of France's capitulation four years ago, she was all confused, and finally blurted out June 10 (the date of Italy's declaration of war) instead of the 25th. The name Beloff suggests that she is not a pure-bred Englishwoman, so I suppose ancestry explains her agitation in the midst of all this English calm.

I cannot think of anybody's face that I have seen on the streets, in shops or restaurants, that has indicated emotion of any sort. This restraint isn't apathy, of course. It's just Britishers being true to form.

One of the aspects of London that surprises me, though probably if I knew more about military things it wouldn't, is the number of soldiers and officers to be seen going about normally as if the operations in northern France hadn't the remotest connection with their existence.

*June 11, 1944—London*

Weary of limb, I am back from a Sunday hike in Kent. These Sunday hikes are an office tradition. Crane Brinton\* is the moving spirit. He is said to know all the English lanes, the history of every church and manor house, and all the varieties of bird and plant life to be encountered in the areas accessible to London.

Unfortunately he was out of town today, so I, on my first opportunity to participate, failed to benefit by the omniscience of the Fuehrer, as Crane is nicknamed by his fellow hikers. But Dave did very well by Al and me. We picnicked in a flower-strewn field, sheltering from the cool wind and occasional spits of rain beneath a clump of birches.

At the start of our walk we went through the park of Knole House, but could not visit the interior of that ancient mansion because it was closed to visitors by Lord Sackville in September '39 at the outbreak of war.

Because of our military endeavors across the Channel, the continued coolness, frequent rain and wind disturb me. The invasion is a good many hours behind schedule. There is general optimism, however. I think the public must have taken to heart German claims that the "Atlantic Wall" defenses were impregnable. People are manifesting surprise that our forces could so quickly, and in such quantity, gain a hold on French soil.

I haven't heard a word from or about Scott Charles since a day or so before the invasion began. He may have gone across to France with his commander or merely be working in London night and day to untangle supply problems.

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\* Crane Brinton, Harvard professor and historian, was serving as chief of the London outpost of the Research and Analysis Branch of the Office of Strategic Services.

*June 13, 1944—London*

Last night I had to report to Brook Street to do fireguard duty. Instead of going at once to bed, I typed a letter in my office. Then I stumbled into the darkened bathroom where the cots for the fireguards are placed. For the first time in my experience four of us were to sleep in the room. At 4 A.M. we were wakened by the sirens. We dressed, and while Skerpan and Hall went up on the roof, Gilbert\* and I descended to the fireguard assembly-point on the ground floor. After an interval, in which I heard only one gun go off, the all-clear sounded. The four of us returned to our cots in the bathroom, undressed, and went back to bed. We had not been lying down five minutes when the sirens sounded again. Wearily we dressed once more and returned to our stations. This time the alert was of longer duration.† When the all-clear came we were within half an hour of the end of blackout time—almost at liberty to go off duty. Gilbert and I decided that the cots were hardly worth returning to. He went up to his office and I sat down in mine, where I began the composition of my article on the Portuguese negotiations. Toward six o'clock I knocked off and came home to my chambers in Albany, where I went to sleep comfortably in my own bed.

Tonight I have found Scott Charles at home. He has been in France, where he landed with Commodore Flannagan at Vierville. By the time they went ashore, the beach had been pretty well cleared of bodies and other debris, he said. Local

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\* Felix Gilbert, an American partly of German origin, since the war has edited captured documents of Hitler's war councils.

† Joseph Warner Angell, "Guided Missiles Could Have Won," *The Atlantic*, Vol. 189, No. 1 (January 1952): "... on the night of June 12, 1944, the silence of the Pas-de-Calais was broken. Catapulted from the steel rails of a Modified Site launching ramp, hidden near a farmhouse on the French coast, the first German secret weapon fired in combat began its noisy, fiery journey to London. Four V-1's, or 'flying bombs,' struck London that night."

French people were being used as clean-up parties. There were more able-bodied Frenchmen about than he had anticipated, in view of reports that males between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five were being deported to Germany. I asked him about women snipers, for I had just been reading in the French Duty Room a newspaper account of them, and he confirmed the stories. It never had occurred to me that Frenchwomen would snipe at the Anglo-American troops. Is it because these particular women have been consorting with German soldiers, or is it simply the human instinct to defend one's farm and village against invading forces? For the moment, the Germans, I must acknowledge, are in the paradoxical position of defending the soil of France. It is once again France's tragedy to be a battleground for vast armies. Old Pétain a short while before the assault was launched told his countrymen to be neutral in deed and keep as much as possible out of the way of these contending foreign forces. What a negation of France's spirit and place in the world!

### *June 15, 1944—London*

General De Gaulle, despite the inexplicable and highly irritating coldness with which the U.S. and British governments treat him—everybody says the root of this is a strong dislike Roosevelt has taken to the General, with Admiral Leahy feeding the flames of this disregard—De Gaulle has at last been allowed to visit the liberated area of France. He was most enthusiastically received yesterday in Bayeux and Isigny.

People are becoming more and more puzzled and angry at the strange treatment meted out to De Gaulle. Specialists in French affairs, who have access to a great many confidential and secret reports on France, are as disturbed and angry (if not more so) than other people. Mr. Churchill's explanation to the House

of Commons of why he will not debate on his French policy is that widespread pain would be caused, and the political situation not be improved, by the disclosure of the government's full case. Meanwhile the Germans claim that, now that De Gaulle has served our purpose in fomenting French opposition to Pétain, we show our disregard for him by treating him scornfully.

### *June 16, 1944—London*

The sirens sounded last night\* as Scott, his brother Richard, the flyer (who has spent the past two nights here on leave), Scott's office associate, Mrs. Boothby, and I were sitting drinking rye and chatting. Mrs. Boothby, who is some sort of air warden, immediately rushed home, escorted by Scott, to be at her post of duty. Richard and I continued talking. A plane engine sounded very close. Guns fired noisily, and the commotion exceeded that of any air raid I have previously witnessed. When Scott returned he said he had seen the flare of rocket planes crossing over the city.

Unlike all other recent raids, this one continued throughout the night. The all-clear was not sounded until after 9 A.M. Shortly thereafter the sirens sounded again and the noise of the guns was loud. We have had alerts twice since today.

It has been announced by the Minister of Home Security that the Germans have employed a new rocket-bomb weapon. Confidentially I learn that 125 were shot over. One crashed in Kentish Town, I hear. The Germans say they have launched a new secret weapon as the beginning of their retaliation for our

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\* Angell, *op. cit.*: ". . . on the night of June 15, there began an entirely new phase of the war in Europe—the Battle of the Flying Bomb. In little more than twenty-four hours the Germans fired nearly 300 V-1s against England."

murderous assaults on Berlin. These jet-propelled bombs are said to need no human pilots.

People lost a lot of sleep last night and rather grimly expect they may sleep little during the next few nights. Although we had a short alert early in the evening, while it was still bright daylight, it is now 11:30 and quite peaceful. I am about to go to bed, and expect that thunderous crashes, whizzes, booms, whooshes and thuds will wake me and in all likelihood frighten me.

### *June 17, 1944—London*

Miss Garret, my maid, said this morning that she had been obliged to stay in a shelter until 5:30 A.M., the ack-ack being so fierce in her neighborhood. I myself slept quite peacefully.

As this was my day off, I took a train from St. Pancras Station to St. Albans. I lunched at the Red Lion Inn and then sauntered through narrow streets past several ancient dwellings until I came upon the Cathedral. A procession of clerical personages was coming up the hill and entering the Cathedral through a side door. Never before have I seen so many Church of England parsons.

A bit of a crowd had gathered, and I asked a bobby what was up. He said they were to celebrate the return of the Archbishop. I waited. Privileged citizens with tickets were meanwhile entering the church. Presently all the darkly clothed parsons whom I had seen filing in the side door emerged from the front, dressed in white surplices, with the elaborate banners of their parishes carried behind them, and the body of them formed an arc of welcome before the Cathedral.

From an ivy-covered house some distance off emerged a



more picturesque and important group of personages, at whose head the Bishop of St. Albans, preceded by a beadle, took his place. The Lord Lieutenant of the county, aldermen in scarlet robes and cocked hats, high-ranking officers, bewigged judges, and numerous liveried officials followed after. At the tail of the procession, surrounded by his special suite, marched William Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury.

When the procession reached the front of the Cathedral, the Bishop, standing on the steps, made an address to His Grace. The procession then passed within, followed by all the white-surpliced parsons and their wind-tossed, silken banners. Glorious, happy music poured from the Cathedral. It was a pageant that reminded me of the 19th century, although it may have been as representative of the 14th as any other.

As I could not myself get into the crowded Cathedral, I asked a bobby where I should go to find the Roman remains. . . . While I was in the small museum built to house the Roman pottery and coins excavated from Verulamium, the siren for an air alarm sounded. I thought of all those ecclesiastical dignitaries in the Cathedral. Suppose they should all be destroyed! And what an interesting contrast between the dead Roman city, the still-living Christian tradition of Britain, and Hitler's rocket bomb.

I sat on the outer rim of Verulamium's Roman theater, warmed by the sun, enchanted by the white cumulus clouds above and by the red poppies and yellow flowerlets nestled in the grassy banks. Never was a scene more rural or more peaceful.

Arriving at St. Pancras, I was greeted by the wailing alert-signal. The all-clear was soon sounded, but at 7:30, as Bill Spoelhof\* and I were walking to a restaurant, another alert sounded. This time there was a little distant firing, but the all-clear was not long delayed. Now I am again in the midst of an alert. A few moments ago near-by guns were blasting noisily away. The reigning silence may be temporary.

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\* William Spoelhof, by profession a teacher of history, was then a lieutenant USNR and one of my office associates.

*June 18, 1944—London*

At 8 A.M., on my arrival in the French Duty Room, I found an exhausted Clare. He said he had had a dreadful night. Rocket bombs came down all around him. He and Angela had had to go down into a shelter and do most of their work there. Hungerford Bridge by Charing Cross had been hit, he said, and there were bombs in the Strand and elsewhere in the neighborhood. "I thought my last hour had come," he said. Curiously enough, my own night had not been greatly disturbed, although I recollect one horrendous crash that made my heart feel as if it had turned over.

When I went off duty at three, I walked homeward by way of the Victoria Embankment. Several large buildings had all their windows facing the Thames broken. From the Embankment, standing in warm sunlight—which is rare in this invasion month of June—I looked across at the gaping hole in Hungerford Bridge. How did that inhuman, fire-belching flying bomb strike so useful a target?

Tonight I looked out of a window at the sky, hearing the buzzing peculiar to these pilotless planes, and saw one speeding fairly high overhead, flames spurting from its tail, and a British fighter plane in hot pursuit behind.

*June 19, 1944—London*

I walked over to the Ivy Restaurant to lunch with Angus Acworth.\* An alert sounded as I went along Brewer Street. Just

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\* Angus Acworth is a Londoner whose daughter Alys had come to America with other English children in 1940. She was living at this time with my parents while attending school in the United States.

after I reached the restaurant a rocket bomb crashed down not far away in the Tottenham Court Road-Oxford Street area. We weren't shaken, but the nearness of it gave me a nasty feeling. Acworth, arriving a moment later, said he had seen the smoke rising. He looked rather tense; he told me I looked tired.

Acworth says the general feeling about these present continuous raids is quite different from what it was in 1940. Then, he says, everybody set their teeth and fatalistically went about their tasks. Now people are annoyed and scary. They feel the war is so close to being won that they want to live to enjoy the peace. I think the public is showing considerable courage and matter-of-fact acceptance of a very unpleasant nuisance.

The defenders of London no longer follow the practice of the first few days, which was to fire a hell of a barrage at the pilotless planes. The noise of the barrage was particularly frightening; falling shrapnel dangerous; and nobody could get adequate sleep with such gun-firing going on. Now we hear just the buzzing of the bomb and the thud of its explosive fall.

While I was having a bit of dinner in the Don Restaurant on Great Queen Street I heard the waitress telling a customer that the boy in the kitchen had had his home blitzed out this morning. When Pamela Mathews arrived for the night shift (blast it! the sirens are sounding again!), she had her tin helmet and the story of the fall of one of these monsters on her street.

Everybody is talking bombs. As I strode up Kingsway toward the Holborn Underground Station an Indian from Poona caught up with me and began telling me how diabolical he considers these bombs to be. (Damn it, I can hear one buzzing along now, getting closer too!)

*June 20, 1944—London*

This morning shortly after I arrived at Brook Street Alexander George answered the telephone and was informed by an excited woman that Al Conard is in St. George's Hospital, a victim of one of these jet-propelled bombs. The woman on the phone was a landlady whom Conard had just been to see about renting a room. He was in the street, leaving her house, when the bomb came down. Apparently he ducked under cover, but his leg was still exposed and was deeply gashed by a piece of glass. Henry Hill\* and Corty Canby have been to see him in the hospital and report that his condition is not serious. He is to be sent to a U.S. Army hospital outside London.

The alerts today have been fewer, and thus far I have neither heard nor seen a flying bomb.

*June 21, 1944—London*

Last night was a wretched experience. I got scarcely an hour's sleep. We had a party of four on fireguard duty at Brook Street, led by Major Stewart. Before we retired to our cots, the Major said it would be best if an alert sounded to have someone on the roof observing. Young Hall promptly volunteered. The alert came at 12:30, just after we had settled down. As there are now only three cots, the Major had stretched out on a table-top in the next room. The sirens having sounded, he and Hall dressed hastily and rushed upstairs. Felix Gilbert and I stayed in our cots. The flying bombs buzzed close, and during the next hour six or seven crashed loudly in considerably closer proximity than I liked. Once or twice I thought we were to be hit. None,

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\* Henry Hill, a college professor, was at this time my immediate superior.

however, came down within blast distance of us. Before long Gilbert fell asleep and began to snore loudly. The excitement of the raid and Gilbert's snores prevented me nodding off.

Then at 3:30 A.M. Hall came down and asked me to relieve him on the roof. I finished dressing—for I had gone to bed partly clad—and hauled myself up the ladder to the roof, grumbling at the absurdity of so ineffectual, useless and probably dangerous an assignment.

When incendiaries are being showered upon the city, roof watchers have a purpose: They spot fires and arrange for their quick extinction. But when one of these large flying bombs comes down, anyone directly in its path would be killed. If it landed near by, a person exposed on a roof would be hurt at once by the blast and thus be of no help, while at the same time the blast would unquestionably wake the other fireguards. If the bomb landed some way off, the roof watcher would be unhurt, but he would serve no purpose. He would see the explosion and be able to tell his friends about the spectacle next day, but he would have no immediate action to take.

These considerations aside, I went to the roof in the chill night air, saw nothing, and soon followed Hall's advice to sit indoors near the foot of the ladder. The flying bombs had stopped coming. At about 4:30 A.M. Gilbert came to replace me. We mutually agreed that it was all a very silly gesture and I backed up his resolve to go home shortly after the end of the blackout, which was due fairly soon.

From about 5 to 6:30 I had some sleep, but at 6:30 I had to get ready to go on duty at 8 A.M. . . . I've managed to get through the day with the aid of a hot bath in the afternoon. Joan came to have cocktails with me and we went to the Haymarket Theater to see the Ballet Jooss. . . . As I was determined to get Joan home fairly early so that neither of us would be on the streets when the flying bombs started to come over, I took her to dinner at the Gay Nineties Club rather than to any place where we would have stayed late dancing.

*June 23, 1944—London*

At P.I.D. I once again relieved Jean-Jacques. He had had a narrow escape from the flying bomb that crashed at six o'clock in Drury Lane. He saw it come down so close that he thought certainly the blast would tear him apart. A dive into a doorway saved him.

Jean Jacques has had news also that he is to be detached at once and sent to France. With his perfect French he'll be useful there, but I regret his departure.

Rosemary Allot and Sheila Clavering were on duty with me during the night. When the sirens sounded at about 2 A.M. they retired to the comparative safety of the basement canteen in near-by Bush House. Rosemary is particularly frightened by bombings. I myself, to be away from the windows, sat in the corridor when the bombs buzzed loudest. One buzzing came so ominously close that I stretched on the floor at the moment the buzzing stopped. The ensuing crash was so loud that Rosemary, far underground in the canteen, became sufficiently alarmed to telephone and ask whether I was all right. Later she and Sheila returned and nervously sat through a second period of bombing. The alert continued until early morning, then came on again. We have had several more alerts during the course of the day.

Staggering home very weary, I got in a morning of sleep but awoke by one and could not sleep again. Before I had dressed, and while I was in the bathroom preparing to shave, the doorbell rang and Miss Garret knocked on the bathroom door to say that the rector of the parish had come to call. I asked her to present my excuses. The rector's card says he is Archdeacon of Hampstead. I hope I wasn't rude in turning him away.

*June 25, 1944—London*

Night has been turned into day for me to such an extent that I scarcely know what I've been doing.

Early in the morning yesterday, about an hour after we'd heard a loud bomb crash, I met a charwoman in the corridor. Panting with distended nostrils, like a horse that has been badly frightened, she rushed up to me and said she'd just come from King's Cross. The bomb had fallen there. It was awful: all the women and children coming out of the shelters had been hurt. The char looked wild and unkempt. The crash had made a great impact on her sensibilities.

Except for that bomb, Friday night was not as disturbing in the neighborhood of Ingersoll House as Thursday night had been. I stood the second night shift less well, however, than I had the first. Before coming on duty I had dined at Claridge's. Perhaps it was Claridge's Martini cocktail. At any rate I became so drowsy toward 4 A.M. that Pamela persuaded me to retire into Dr. Beck's office, where, in a leather easy chair, my feet stretched on another, I dozed for an hour in the dark. The cold soon woke me.

As a result of that succumbing to fatigue, I stayed in bed until 4:30 yesterday. I later went to supper with Louis,\* [who] has had an exhausting time ever since the flying bombs started to come over. The National Fire Service sends out a group to each bomb site. Louis had been at the King's Cross shambles, for example, and in the same night to the spot near the zoo in Regent's Park where another bomb fell. He described how the Fire Service men are deployed. Except for encounters with dead and wounded, he says he likes these expeditions of the National Fire Service better than any of the paperwork in which he is involved in the service.

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\* Louis Bielski, an English friend, had in peacetime taught in a boys' school, but for the war's duration was enrolled as a fire fighter.

Last night at the office was a quiet one: few bombs fell and little news from France was received. The London press predicts the immediate fall of Cherbourg to the American armies that now surround it. With my usual caution, I have misgivings over these predictions. Cherbourg is yet to surrender, although two days have now gone by since we were told the city would fall within a matter of hours.

The Russians have opened a second offensive action, near Vitebsk, a drive of far greater importance than their current thrust against Finland. Germany is now fighting in Finland, central Russia, Yugoslavia, Italy, and Normandy. Hitler certainly never intended to strain Germany's military resources to such an extent. The ring of enmity, which it was his announced intention to break through, and which formed the theoretical justification for Germany's series of aggressions, has become a reality of increasing potency.

All the propaganda that Goebbels's experts can devise concerning the "dynamite meteors" (as the Germans call their new flying bombs) cannot hide the extreme peril in which Germany now stands.

### *June 26, 1944—London*

When I came back to Albany I found Scott home from France, where he was consorting with generals. The beach-head has many stragglers wandering about, he said, soldiers who are separated from their units and wander about under no one's control, as there is no proper system for identifying men. In consequence some Germans are able to conceal themselves in the area still, and, when conditions are favorable for their concealment, to snipe at U.S. officers and men.



*June 27, 1944—London*

I slept very badly last night: the change of working schedule made readjustment difficult, and once the bombs began to come over, as six or eight did in rapid succession, my nerves were set on edge. It is far from consoling to hear the buzzing of the bombs' engines coming nearer and to see the flash of their tail sparks through the parted curtain. It is always with selfish relief that I listen to them crash in the distance.

When I approached Ingersoll House this morning from Aldwych I saw the devastation created during the night by a bomb that fell on a large, ugly block of flats just behind our P.I.D. offices. Windows were blasted out over a wide area. Through an opening I could see the wreckage of the part of the large building on which the bomb actually landed. Chrisman, who was on duty, said he thought the bomb was dropping directly onto him, from the noise it made. The story is that nobody in the block of flats was killed. All had previously taken refuge in a shelter.

During the morning a bomb sailed over us fairly low. We all rushed pell-mell into the corridor to escape possible flying glass. The bomb had scarcely exploded when a thunderstorm burst. The ensuing clap of thunder was much louder than the bomb crash.

It has now cleared and I have just looked up through my window to see a formation of over a dozen of our big bombers, pure white against a deep blue patch of sky, returning, I imagine, from a mission over the Continent.

*June 28, 1944—London*

Great excitement this noon at P.I.D. when the newsroom telephoned that the Germans had broadcast that Philippe Henriot, the master propagandist of Vichy, has been assassinated. Eileen, Rosemary, Sheila, and Marshal were overjoyed. Their eyes danced with pleasure. I was enormously pleased myself, for Henriot has shown such devilish skill in his daily talks to the French people that he has inevitably done harm to the Allied cause . . . The silencing of his voice is worth battalions to us.

I had sandwiches and beer for lunch with Marshal Clare. Marshal has persuaded his wife to take their baby daughter out of London while these bombing attacks persist. The exodus from London, on the part of those who have no need to remain, is becoming fairly considerable. Marshal tells me he thinks the war in Europe will be over in two or three months—more the result of Russian than of Anglo-American military endeavors.

*June 30, 1944—London*

This afternoon at approximately 2:30 a bomb crashed across the street from Ingersoll House. I was standing by the window of the French Duty Room receiving a news report by telephone when I realized that a bomb was near. I made a dive toward the corridor to get away from the window, but before I had taken two steps the blast threw me to the floor amidst a litter of broken glass, fragments of plaster and dust. Even as I hit the floor, heard the reverberating explosion, and felt bits of things falling upon me, I was aware that I had escaped injury. The bomb had glided out of the sky in such swift silence that I had no time to be frightened. Quickly picking myself up, I

found that my next thought was for Angela, the only other person in the room at the time. I didn't stop to wonder where the bomb had hit, and I never gave a thought to what might have happened to other people in the same building.

Looking across the desks, I could not see Angela, for she too had been flung to the ground. I called her name, glanced over the room to note whether a fire had started, and hurried around the desks to find Angela on the floor, shaking with great tearless sobs. I raised her to her feet, saw that she wasn't scratched, and said as soothingly as I could, "Angela, you're not hurt at all. Angela, you're all right." She clung to me, still shaking, and I helped her into the corridor.

There we encountered Dr. Beck, who was unscathed, for his office is on the opposite side of the corridor, away from the blast. Beck was asking whether anybody on the floor was hurt. He told us all to go downstairs. I went back into the Duty Room, glanced hastily out the window to see if the street were a shambles, searched on the floor for my glasses, which had been blown off me but were unbroken, and without pausing to put the receiver back on the telephone or to lock up secret papers, I joined the throng going downstairs, with Angela leaning on my arm. She told me my neck was bleeding, and indeed my collar soon was bloodstained. I could feel a warm trickle running down my left leg from the thigh.

On the stairs I met Morris Janowitz, whose face was running blood from numerous gashes. Blood was over his suit. Eugene Drucker was with him. His only wound was in his arm, but it worried him, for a piece of glass seemed to be embedded in the flesh. We all went into the basement room where first-aid equipment is kept. I remember opening a roll of cotton and swabbing Jan's bloody face. Two or three women were there, more badly gashed, and a man broke open a locker with an ax to get at dressings.

An RAF officer began to bandage people. He took care of Jan a bit and tied a bandage around Drucker's arm. I still felt

blood flowing down my leg and hesitated whether to let down my trousers to look at the wound. The RAF officer persuaded me to do so, and he put a dressing around the wound. He then told us to go down the Strand to a first-aid hospital. Jan, Drucker, and I went up onto the street, walked through all the people standing there gaping across at Bush House (from a small portion of which I saw flames emerging), and proceeded, bloody and disheveled, to the Strand.

It was then that Drucker had the excellent idea of our taking a taxi to the U.S. Army infirmary on Mount Street. I nabbed a cab, whose driver at first refused me until I showed him Jan's exceedingly bloody head and a soldier on the street corner insisted to him that we should be taken as fares. Mount Street is in Mayfair, remote from the scene of the explosion. The three of us received the full attention of several Army doctors. Drucker was ordered to hospital, Jan's head was bandaged, and my lacerations were cleaned and dressed.

Jan and I then walked to Brook Street, where I reported on the disaster. There was great excitement. I felt like a minor hero. The ever-thoughtful Miss Einstein brought me two cups of tea. Henry came up from the basement especially to see me and, on the whole, to my surprise, I felt no fear or nervous distress. I was due to go off at three, so I sat down and wrote a brief letter (not mentioning the accident) to my mother, which I posted on my way home.

I had to remove all my clothes, soak my bloody shirt and underpants in cold water, and comb particles of glass from my hair. Having no engagement for the evening, I felt suddenly that I should like to dine with Bancroft.\* I selected him because I have known him all my life. His company saved me from the self-pitying feeling of being far away from home, my life endangered on a foreign soil. I shall now go to bed and hope to

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\* Bancroft Littlefield, a Providence lawyer, was then a major in the Army of the United States, stationed in London.

sleep soundly, though these bloody bombs are certain to come pouring over during the night.

The big balloon-barrage that has been set up south of London will catch few of them, in my opinion. A British captain, a colleague of Bant's whom we met on Piccadilly, told us to look down St. James's Street from Piccadilly and we should see the balloons massed on the horizon. I had been so unobservant myself that I had not noticed the removal of the balloons from their scattered positions over London itself. Bant says they were all taken away about two days after the flying bombs began to arrive.

One used to be anchored to Grosvenor Square, another to lower Regent's Park. Now they evidently form a bank across the paths of the bombs, it being hoped that the bombs will collide with their stay wires and explode harmlessly over open country.

### *July 1, 1944—London*

I slept reasonably well last night, although I was awakened by several loud bomb crashes at about 3:30 A.M. Today I have found everyone at Brook Street remarkably solicitous for my welfare.

The damage to our French Duty Room has resulted in the abrupt abolition of night shifts, whose value had been put in doubt by the absence of outside queries during night hours. Henry has taken this opportunity to withdraw me entirely from Duty Room service.\* . . . Strange farewell to the Duty Room, to be blown out of it by a bomb.

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\* I had been assigned to the French Duty Room temporarily, pending the arrival from Washington of analysts specializing on France.

This evening I had dinner with Marshal Clare. As his wife and baby daughter have taken refuge in the country, Marshal is henceforth going to sleep in the shelter at Ingersoll House. If any important questions on France come through during the night, he will be there to cope with them.

*July 2, 1944—London*

I was on fireguard duty at Brook Street last night. Roof watching has sensibly been abolished during alerts, but one individual is nevertheless required to be up and dressed all the time. Accordingly, at about 4 A.M. Lt. (j.g.) Kenyon Poole, our commanding officer for the evening (I've since learned that Poole is from the economics faculty at Brown University) awakened me. After dressing I went into my own office and wrote a letter.

Although earlier in the evening several explosions had followed each other in rapid succession, I heard nothing during my watch.

*July 3, 1944—London*

This has been an extraordinarily depressing day—dark, autumnal and soaked in a steady-falling rain, with a higher frequency of bomb explosions than hitherto. One bomb crashed this morning upon a billet for American soldiers. Accounts of their bodies being dug out of the rubble have not made lighter the gloom of the day. The thought of these bombs going on interminably is unpleasant.

*July 4, 1944—London*

The Russians appear to be smashing through the German lines with amazing vigor and speed. They have reached Minsk and won it back. For nearly three years Minsk has been well behind the German lines. In contrast, our minute advances in Normandy, where General Montgomery has not yet captured Caen, are territorially insignificant. Europe is wondering who will invest Germany first, Soviet or Anglo-American forces.

The weather has been more amiable today. I had a Spanish lesson in the afternoon and found I could talk more readily than I supposed. The haggard Spanish woman who was my teacher has lived many years in England. She says the British people are being nastier to foreigners at present, under the strain of these constant bombings, than she has ever known them to be. The poor woman is herself terrified by the bombs and ardently wishes the war to end.

*July 5, 1944—London*

I lunched with Bea Phillips\* today. . . . Beatrice says she and her father sleep in a shelter under the Embassy. A General Peabody also sleeps there. I'm rather surprised that a general should, particularly as the Mayfair area has been unharmed so far. I think if I once passed a night in a shelter I should find it psychologically difficult to resume sleeping in my own bed.

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\* Beatrice Phillips was in London with our agency. Her father, William Phillips, was, from September 1943 to September 1944, political adviser for the United States on General Eisenhower's staff, with the rank of Ambassador.

*July 6, 1944—London*

At last a good day, with a warm sun and a clear sky. But I was awakened early by explosions.

The Prime Minister has made a speech in the House of Commons revealing for the first time that London has been the principal target of the flying bombs. Previously the vague expression "Southern England" has been used. Deaths from the bombs average about one per bomb launched, Churchill says.

London is looking emptier each day. Thousands have fled the city; children are now being evacuated, and the business of shops, restaurants, and theaters has been conspicuously reduced.

*July 7, 1944—London*

I have just returned from seeing a musical comedy at the Palace Theater. The play is to close tomorrow, and we were provided at the box office, ten minutes before the curtain went up, with four excellent seats in the stalls for the price of seats in the dress circle, which was closed. This is all a result of the flying bombs.

During the performance we had two alerts and two all-clears. The siren for the second all-clear interrupted the show as it went off in a second of silence after the leading man had said, "You'll find it hard to get used to this." Laughter and applause ensued.

Louis tells me that the play in which his sister is acting, which was to open this coming week in London, is postponing its première and will continue to tour the provinces.

On the whole, Londoners carry on as before, showing the strain but proceeding with business. The air of a boom city,



prosperous and gay, which London had early in the spring, prior to the launching of the offensive against Normandy, has however completely disappeared. Mayfair looks relatively deserted.

A bomb buzzed along directly over the Ivy Restaurant while I was dining there tonight. It certainly didn't improve my digestion.

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.,\* who was at the theater, predicts that by the time the next war comes along flying bombs will be so improved in range, accuracy, and explosive charge that they will make all cities unsafe.

### *July 8, 1944—London*

Dined tonight at Jack Christopher's† and Bill Koren's‡ flat. Jack and Bill between them cooked a very good dinner, which we washed down with copious drafts of beer. As it grew late the flying bombs began to crash down. From the height of the flat we could see the tall spirals of smoke and dust thrown up against the sky by the bombs' explosions.

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\* Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., whose Pulitzer-Prize-winning *The Age of Jackson* had not yet been published, had reached London shortly before as a civilian employee in the Research and Analysis Branch of OSS.

† Jack Christopher, although a Harvard Ph.D., was then an enlisted man. Since the war he has taught at the University of Rochester.

‡ William Koren, commissioned a lieutenant USNR, had previously taught at Princeton. He is now an officer in the Foreign Service.

*July 10, 1944—London*

Last night I had another turn at fireguarding. The cots at 68 Brook Street have by now been carried into the basement, and there I slept uneasily. This afternoon I have suffered from an oppressive headache.

*July 11, 1944—London*

We are so crowded in our building that concentration requires a strong effort of the will. In an ordinary-sized room, which would scarcely be too big for the office of one person, there are usually eight of us. The furniture is so close-packed that getting around often requires people seated to shift their chairs. Typing, telephoning, and receiving visitors add to the distractions.

When the imminent-danger signal sounds, we protect ourselves by opening the windows and drawing the blackout curtains. The latest horror stories on bombs, to which everyone eagerly listens, make further interruptions in our work.

I lunched with Charles Byron\* and went afterwards to the hairdresser's. When I emerged onto Curzon Street a flying bomb, whose engine was cut off so that it emitted none of the customary sparks, glided silently across the sky diagonally away from me. I was jolly glad it wasn't heading toward me; but the bomb's dark, silent, sharklike body was sinister enough against the clouds.

Bant, Louis, and I dined at La Belle Meunière. Louis had been to two bomb incidents today. On entering a ruined build-

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\* Charles Byron was then a lieutenant in the Army of the United States, stationed in London.

ing his stomach was turned by the sight of half a human body. He said he didn't look for the other half.

Bant tells me that most of the people he sees—officers, I suppose, and many of them British—expect the war against Germany to be over in September. Bant has no such optimism himself.

### *July 12, 1944—London*

I lunched today with Beatrice Phillips, her father, and a remote cousin of theirs at the Phillipses' flat on Grosvenor Square. Mrs. Pender Clay could not wait to tell the Ambassador that five flying bombs had been shot down this morning near a castle in the country where the Ambassador and Beatrice are planning to spend the week end.

During lunch I asked Mr. Phillips whether he had met General De Gaulle personally. He said he had and described him as a most unbending, unsmiling, disagreeable person, with whom it was altogether unpleasant to associate. Mr. Phillips said that General De Gaulle's action, on the eve of the invasion of France, of refusing to allow French officers to accompany the expeditionary force was altogether shocking.

Mr. Phillips is himself so reserved and dignified—he is a handsome and distinguished-looking man, even in the quasi-military uniform he wears at General Eisenhower's headquarters, and which he had on at lunch—that his characterization of De Gaulle as proud, stiff, and frozen-faced carries particular weight.

This evening I dined at Louis Bielski's flat. He had two of his colleagues in the National Fire Service as guests, one a red-faced, Teutonic-looking young woman. After dinner we hurried off to the Players Club on Albemarle Street. I imagine the Players Club is unique in London. The members sit packed at

tables in a small room, drinks from the bar before them, and are bullied and coaxed by the master of ceremonies, dressed in Regency style, who makes them join in the singing and frequently addresses individuals in the audience by name. There were three periods of 19th-century music-hall burlesque, separated by intervals. All the singers were in Victorian dress. At the end of the vaudeville, some of the tables and chairs were put up on the stage and dancing to gramophone music began.

Mayfair cannot be entirely emptied by the fear of flying bombs, for the Players Club was packed full. Its rooms are deep in a basement, which may account for the undiminished attendance.

### *July 13, 1944—London*

This afternoon I had an interview of an hour and a half with Señor Lizaso of the Basque Delegation. It was interesting to hear his views on the future of Spain.

Sr. Lizaso loaned me a copy of the book written by the President of the Basque Republic, José Antonio de Aguirre, describing his escape from the Gestapo and the Falange. It is a fascinating tale of calm nerves and courage.

The book reminds me of the escape memoir I read on the steamer last March, in which Pierre Mendès-France, now the Finance Commissioner of De Gaulle's provisional government, described his experiences escaping from a Vichy prison and living in hiding in France.

Europe is full of imprisoned leaders and brave men who have risked everything to evade German tyranny and German vengeance. God grant that all this courage and sacrifice will yield us a saner world.

*July 14, 1944—London*

I took Ben Chrisman to lunch today at No. 3 Grosvenor Club. We hashed over the faults of our branch. Ben considers it badly administered, both in Washington and here. Neither he nor I quite see the sense in many things. I have for some time felt myself rudderless in a swelling sea. Despite the lack of a clear sense of direction, we are constantly badgered by ridiculous administrative orders. We are supposed to be an assemblage of scholars and political analysts, but in fact we are a herd of baffled people under a barrage of silly orders from a top-heavy hierarchy of ambitious egotists. My time and the government's money are frequently put to bad use.

Compared to the slow progress of Anglo-American forces in Normandy, the Russians in the past few days have been rushing forward. They have captured Vilna and may soon be battering their way into East Prussia. The threat to Germany from the East is growing into towering proportions.

What will the Russians do in Germany? I have no clear idea of Russia's political intentions toward the rest of Europe. Russia is bound to have a great influence in the future, but I cannot believe that a nation which has suffered such extraordinary material damage and more than five million human casualties will be in a position to dominate and oppress Europe, even if the Red armies march to the Atlantic. Russian energies will be needed to rebuild at home.

*July 15, 1944—London*

Lunched with Charles Byron and Bremer Johnson in a curious little restaurant on the upper floor of a house on Bruton Place, off Berkeley Square. There was no sign that it was a restaurant, and when we were inside there were only three other people eating there.

The largest piece of butter I have seen in an English restaurant was put on the table, and during our second course the waitress, a rawboned country woman, appeared with an imitation-leather billfold and asked if any of us would like to buy it for £2.

The darkened skies lightened a bit when our coffee was brought in, so we took our cups, opened a French door at the end of the dark little room, and went out into a sort of small garden, where there was a table with chairs. Actually we were on a roof. The garden was enclosed by the higher brick walls of neighboring houses, one of which had a picturesque chimney with tile chimneypots. It seemed to me that we were in a Continental village rather than in the heart of London. As Charles and Bremer are both Europeanized Americans who would have been talking French had I not been present, the Continental atmosphere was heightened.

This afternoon I went to Bush House to meet Mrs. Pickering. It was my first visit to the neighborhood of Bush House since the bomb explosion of June 30. I was shocked at the damage still visible. Most of the building housing part of the Air Ministry has been evacuated. Through glassless windows one sees a bare interior. In Bush House itself there was considerable evidence of blast damage. Mrs. Pickering lamented the disarray into which her massed piles of newspapers had been flung.

*July 16, 1944—London*

I was awakened in the night by so loud an explosion that my bed was shaken. A disquieting experience that kept me awake for a time.

Today has been the first warm, sunlit day in perhaps a month. Luckily I arranged last night with Val Lorwin to join him, Bill Koren, and Morris Janowitz on a walk in the country. Koren was our leader and selected Victoria Station's train indicator as our meeting point.

We took a train to Otford, not far from Seven Oaks in Kent. The train was very slow and, of course, crowded. We were held up for some time in South Bromley. The fact that we were headed south, in other words toward, rather than away from, the flying bombs, did not wholly appeal to me; but Bill Koren insisted that he wanted to see them brought down. Before the day was over we did have the satisfaction of hearing one explode in mid-air. The day was physically an exhausting one for me, however, for I seemed not to be in trim for a hike.

In Otford we visited the old church and inspected the remains of an old palace. An elderly gentleman who was strolling along a lane near the ruins volunteered to tell us something of the place's history. He was himself from Rochester, he said, but had been blitzed out of his home earlier in the war.

After refreshment in a pub we set out along the Pilgrim's Way, the old route to Canterbury. As we were walking in the main street of Otford, we saw a flying bomb roar high overhead towards London. Despite all the barrage balloons dotting the surrounding sky, the bomb rushed onward unhampered. It was already arching earthward when we lost sight of it.

We climbed a hill by an ancient right-of-way, and from a nettled field at its summit sat looking down upon what Bill called the Kentish Weald as we ate our picnic luncheon. Then,

after lying on our backs in the welcome sunlight for a quarter hour, we trudged off through thickets, wheatfields, over barbed-wire fences, and up and down slopes till I felt my love of the country beauty surrounding us begin to give way to a sense of fatigue. Still we plodded on, Bill and Jan far ahead of Val and myself, who frankly confessed our approaching exhaustion.

Overhead, meanwhile, the sky was a remarkable spectacle. New barrage-balloons catching the sunlight are a radiant white. At any one time, from a point of high ground, we could see over a hundred of them evenly spaced in the sky. As we walked along we passed the ground-crew encampments. In a field a truck would be standing. Near by would be the balloon's anchorage and one or possibly two tents. The RAF ground-crew men, five or six for each balloon, would be lolling about. I was rather sorry for these men, most of them over thirty-five, isolated in small units in the country with little or nothing to do. What boredom after the first few days!

It was as we walked towards Ightam that we heard the sirens and then the increasing buzz of an approaching bomb. Val and I stared ahead into the sky, but a cloud obscured our vision. While I still heard the bomb's engine I noticed a burst of smoke somewhat beneath a barrage balloon. A moment later the bomb's engine noise stopped simultaneously with a shattering explosive sound. The cloud of smoke expanded and grew thinner. When Val and I caught up with Bill and Jan at Ightam, they told us they had felt the blast at its dissolution.

### *July 17, 1944—London*

During the Section meeting this morning a bomb came so close that all the fifteen or twenty people in the room, except Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., who boldly looked out the window, fell to the floor and crawled under the tables.



*July 18, 1944—London*

Tonight I took Beatrice Phillips to see a film of her selection. There were two alerts during our stay in the cinema and I could not help feeling extra nervous, for if there is any place in which I particularly wish to avoid meeting a bomb, it is a theater.

*July 19, 1944—London*

I slept scarcely at all last night from a combination of indigestion and unusual bomb-activity. One bomb seemed so obviously headed for a landing on Albany that I remember thinking, as a result of my violent heart beating, that if I were not killed at once by blast, I was likely to die of a heart attack induced by fear. The bomb went on to a remote crash.

My nervousness was no doubt heightened by the fact that Sunday morning (when I was myself in Victoria Station) a bomb landed off Regent Street on Conduit Street, making a terrific mess and shattering vast numbers of windows in Mayfair. Bond Street looked a sight Monday, the end of Conduit Street was blocked off while searchers still dug for bodies in brick rubble, and Regent Street was also a litter of glass.

In Albany, E staircase lost a pane of glass. In my own flat the vibration broke nothing, but shook a mass of soot down the chimney, spilling it onto the rug. The nearness of that explosion has no doubt shaken my complacency. Certainly last night was a miserable experience. We have had numerous alerts today, too.

I am shaking so that I can hardly write, for in the last ten minutes two flying bombs have passed directly above Albany, making so loud a noise as they approached—a noise that vibrated as it became loudest—that I, inside, with the curtains

drawn, could not tell their height. Both went on a long distance before exploding, but at the peak of their noisiness I confess that I cowered under a table in the hall, uncertain of my life. The noise waked Scott from a very sound sleep.

Bill Spoelhof unashamedly sleeps every night in a deep shelter under Hertford House. Beatrice told me last evening that she had gone to bed the previous night wearing her steel helmet. I have so far yielded to no protection sturdier than a table top.

Another bomb is approaching. There! It has crashed without coming near, and so has another. Perhaps the six or eight explosions of the last half hour will be all we shall have for a while. These bombs are apt to come in spurts. Three or four explosions are heard one right after another, and then there is an interlude of quiet. We in London have had nearly five straight weeks of these attacks, and the strain begins to tell upon us. The Germans are clever devils, but they will not break us by this means.

### *July 20, 1944—London*

Everybody is talking flying bombs, more now perhaps than ever before. The newspapers confess that the number of them falling on London has increased during the past few days. A man whom I overheard tonight in a restaurant declared that people in Kent could not believe any bombs reached London yesterday, because so many fell on Kent itself.

The top-hatted porter of the Albany stopped me just now to talk about the noisy two that passed overhead last night while he was on fireguard duty here. They were about a thousand feet overhead, he said, and one of them, after it had passed on a considerable distance, turned on its course before gliding to earth.

It is my opinion that the bombing has been intensified by the Germans as a means of distracting our attention from the successes gained by General Montgomery's troops in the Caen sector. Montgomery has opened a new offensive and appears to have achieved a break through Rommel's lines north of Caen. The weather, at least in London, has become quite good and is favorable enough, I hope, to allow strong air support to the British ground troops in Normandy.

The other morning when I woke, and all through my breakfast, I heard the loud sound of planes flying overhead. Some Allied action is afoot, I thought. The bombers were in fact participating in the powerful attack on the German lines which preceded Montgomery's ground offensive. A rumor has reached me that Montgomery expects to be in Paris within a month. May he have Germany in a noose by mid-autumn!

The alert has sounded, and within five minutes I have heard four flying bombs explode in the distance. A lull has followed. I shall go to bed and hope to sleep, for I have slept poorly these past two nights.

### *July 21, 1944—London*

Overslept, having failed to set my alarm. I took up the morning papers eagerly, hoping to read of big Allied advances in Normandy. Instead the headlines of the *Express* were big with the strange story of a bomb plot upon Hitler's life, which was a failure, in that the Führer escaped with a few burns, but which is nevertheless sensational because the plot apparently embraced high-ranking officers of the German Army. Colonel-General Beck, a former Chief of Staff who was removed in 1938, was apparently implicated and has immediately been put to death. It all sounds murky and fantastic. The good part is the evident fact that there is dissension in Germany's inner coun-

cils. The bad development is the increase of power in the hands of the sinister Himmler, who has been put in command of the home armies.

I long to watch the final chapter in the bloody Nazi saga. What a disappointment if one of these doodle-bug buzz bombs destroys me before I see unraveled the dark and nasty final days of Hitler, Himmler, Goering, Goebbels, and Ribbentrop, as vicious a gang of political cutthroats as the vices and weakness of mankind have ever spawned.

Tonight I have been with Sam Welles\* to dine in his boarding-house in the Paddington area. The house once belonged to the memorable actress Mrs. Siddons, who planted a mulberry tree in the garden which still lives. After dinner Sam and I went into Jack Ainsworth's room to listen to gramophone records of Mozart and Schumann. Ainsworth's room was formerly the drawing-room, and it has a fine mantle, three big French windows looking onto Craven Street, and good paneling. I enjoyed listening to Mozart with my eyes turned toward the carved mantle, before which, in imagination, I could see Mrs. Siddons in a lovely 18th-century silk or satin gown, talking with animation to imaginary guests.

### *July 22, 1944—London*

This evening Trevor and Jocelyn† were to have dined with me at Prunier's, as they are in town over the week end, staying in Hampstead with Jocelyn's parents. To my amazement Trevor telephoned and said he thought we had better call the

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\* Sam Welles, now an associate editor of *Time* magazine, was then a special assistant to Ambassador Winant.

† Trevor Kerslake and his wife Jocelyn became my friends when we were all three undergraduates at Oxford University. In 1944 he was in England on home leave after military and administrative service in central Africa.

occasion off. They felt they had all better stay together because of the flying bombs. I'll admit yesterday was a series of constant alerts, with a considerable quantity of bombs falling in the night, all of which must have made a deep impression upon people fresh from the country.

There is a curious psychology about air raids. I myself feel safest at home. Furthermore, I have a greater willingness to be hit while in my home than in a chance locality, like a cinema, a dance hall, or a little-frequented street. It seems to me that if my home or my office is hit it is more or less logical that I should be caught in the disaster; there exists a kind of loyalty like that of a captain going down with his sinking ship. But to be obliterated in a bordello or even a butcher shop appears to me unfitting. To lose my life in the destruction of a tawdry, a cheap, or even an unfamiliar place would be to accentuate the bad luck involved, for it would be only merest chance that placed me in the fatal spot at the fatal moment.

Tonight's bombs are already crashing down in the distance, but the day, although overcast, has not been a particularly dangerous one near me.

Scott, whom I found in on my return to Albany, says he is off to Cherbourg tomorrow for several days in the company of Commodore Flannagan and various generals. Scott says the invasion is terribly behind schedule. The Germans were expected to stage a defense in depth, but in fact have presented a hard, thin, armored shell, which is not yet cracked, despite the Allies' overwhelming superiority of equipment. The Allied policy is to spare the lives of Allied soldiers, according to Scott, and conquer by weight of armament.

In the Bond Street Underground a uniformed messenger told me he thought Hitler had come to his last days and that the war would soon be over. "We've got the best generals we could have, Montgomery and Alexander," he said, and as a fainter afterthought added, "and Eisenhower. They've got the confidence of the troops and that means everything."

*July 23, 1944—London*

Am just returned from a good day's walk in the Chilterns. Crane Brinton was again on the scene to lead us. We started from Marylebone Station (and incidentally saw the remains of several blast-damaged trains, for a flying bomb evidently came down not so long ago on the tracks leading into the station). At West Wycombe we left the train and, following tradition, had our beer in a village pub.

After climbing a hill to inspect a large circular stone structure erected as a mortuary memorial in the 18th century (of whose failings in taste it is typical), we pressed on to a hillside from which, as we ate our picnic lunch, we had a superb view of fields, valley, and easy-sloping hills. The light gave the landscape an unusual, almost artificial coloring, which, had I seen it on an artist's canvas, I should have said was false. It was none the less lovely.

We walked for some time through a beech forest—Crane says beeches are typical of the Chilterns—and then descended a hill through the fields to come upon Bradenham, where we paused to gaze at the well-proportioned 18th-century brick house that was, Crane said, the home of Benjamin Disraeli in his youth. Bradenham, with its few houses, inevitable pub, and small stone church (the yews in the churchyard are tall and handsome) appealed to me.

We went on, once more on a footpath, and having for long traversed a wooded area (Jack Christopher perceived ripe raspberries by a felled pine tree and we plucked and ate them), we presently found ourselves skirting grainfields, looking down, and in fact descending into, a bottom (the preferred local name for a valley) that had all the beauty that seems inherent in the English countryside.

*July 24, 1944—London*

The warning siren is sounding now as I begin to write. Another unpleasant night ahead, no doubt, after a relatively quiet day.

Acworth and I had a long discussion over the termination of the war. He regretted that Colonel-General Beck has been killed and the plot to destroy Hitler apparently frustrated, for he believes that Beck, as a professional soldier, would, if he had succeeded in getting control of the Reich, have been prepared to make peace.

I said I thought it too early for peace, that I felt it undesirable that a German surrender should occur while German troops still occupy huge portions of Europe outside their own country, and that I would particularly deplore a surrender of the German Army by a means that the majority of its members might regard as betrayal rather than as true defeat.

Acworth said it was a fallacy to believe we must fight our way step by step to Berlin: it is a better boxer who knocks his opponent out in the third round than one who slugs through to victory in the fifteenth round. So, he said, it will be a greater victory for us if it occurs now than if we must go on pounding down villages and killing men until winter. The essential thing is to impose terms on Germany that will provide for her occupation and the reduction and elimination of her war potential. If the German authorities accept unconditional surrender now, that is better than for us to have to wait and fight longer before they agree to our terms.

I said I should prefer to see our armies deal a smashing blow at the German armies, so that German forces, as in Russia already, would be in disorganized retreat in France and Italy before the order to surrender reached them. This would be a sounder victory psychologically, I said.

Acworth said we can't afford to fight for psychological

triumphs. He went on to expatiate on the greatness of the Russian achievement in industrializing Russia within a quarter century so that Russian armies could survive the impact of Germany's invasion and in the years immediately following produce enough war material to enable the powerful offensive of this month to be unleashed.

*July 25, 1944—London*

This morning I had the privilege of an hour's conversation with Juan Negrin, the last Prime Minister of the Spanish Republic. George Pratt went with me to the comfortable flat off Sloane Square where Negrin has his present offices. The less well-off Spanish exiles complain of the luxury with which Negrin surrounds himself, for they claim that he is using the funds of the Spanish Republic to support his stately style. Certainly his flat is spacious and well—though not magnificently—furnished. The door was opened by a charwoman, who asked us to wait in an alcove of the corridor, on whose walls I noticed engravings of Spanish scenes. One picture was of the Dos de Mayo fighting.

In a few minutes we were taken to Dr. Negrin's office, which has more the air of a sitting-room than a business office: easy chairs, a secretary with contemporary books mostly in English, a divan, and a small desk in a corner, bare of papers. The doctor, who came forward with a smile to greet Pratt, did not go near his desk during our visit.

He appears to be in his fifties, young enough to be at the height of his powers; his face is full and rather ugly. He was wearing a brown, tweed-type of suit that became him. He talked fluently in English, betraying a foreign accent but revealing a good command of the language. Only once did he search for



a word, offering us the French *têtu* as a clue to the word he was seeking.

Shortly after our arrival the maid came in carrying a tray with three glasses and a full bottle of good Spanish sherry. Sherry in present circumstances is expensive and extremely hard to come by in England. Dr. Negrin allowed the sherry to remain untouched on the table for about ten minutes. Then, without asking whether we wished any, he poured out two full glasses and three-quarters filled the third, which he kept for himself in handing the other glasses to Pratt and to me. We slowly sipped our sherry during the interview, but the doctor did not taste his until we were rising to go, when he took two hurried gulps of it.

In its first stages the conversation was not about Spain. Dr. Negrin expressed the view that it was bad for a nation to escape physical punishment on its home territory during a general war. He cited Germany in the last war, indicating that the present one might not have arisen if the Germans had been badly pounded during 1914–18. He also indicated that the present exemption of the United States from damage to its territory is undesirable.

I asked whether he thought it was bad for Spain to have remained neutral during 1914–18. He replied that it had been bad and went on to claim that the Spanish generals would probably not have taken the irresponsible step of revolting against the Republic in 1936 if they had had firsthand experience of the First World War and thus had known what damage modern warfare can do.

Negrin mentioned the resignation and death of the last President of the Republic, and the resignation from his office of the last President of the Cortes. The first job to be done, in his view, after the Franco regime falls (which he thinks it will soon do with the ease of the monarchy's fall in 1931) is to reconvene the old Cortes and elect a President of it, who would automatically become Provisional President of the Republic.

When I alluded to the squabbles between the exiled Spanish Republicans, Negrin dismissed these matters by saying that politicians without work, unchecked by public opinion, are apt to do all sorts of unnecessary things. He said he himself did not believe in taking action for the sake of action, but only when action could be effective. Referring to "these twenty or thirty *juntas*," he said he was not a politician and did not understand these affairs. He said also that Spaniards have the right to combine and consult if they choose.

"When I am angry," he remarked, "I read Plutarch. The others don't like Plutarch."

Negrin assured us, however, that when the time came, all these divergent politicians would know their duty to Spain and merge their differences. He has very great faith in Spain and the Spanish people, he said, a faith fortified by his experiences in the civil war.

Negrin said Germany made a serious blunder in not entering Spain either before or just after the American landings in North Africa. The Spanish people (not Franco) would have resisted and would not have been afraid to fight the German armies; but with an effort Hitler could have occupied the Peninsula.

### *July 26, 1944—Chinnor, Oxfordshire*

Last evening in London I dined with two of my oldest schoolmates, Bancroft Littlefield and Sevellon Brown. Only the war would have caused the three of us, who were classmates at Moses Brown when we were less than ten, to be living and working in London. As a matter of fact, a year ago we were all working and living in Washington.

The evening was not a long one because after our dinner

on Greek Street I had to do fireguard duty for the night. This, as usual, meant an uncomfortable stretch-out on canvas, without the amenity of sheets. I set up my cot in what proved to be an airless office on the ground floor, where the noise of the building's imminent-danger signal was louder and more disturbing than the buzz of any flying bombs that actually approached.

At 6:30 this morning I dressed, hurried to Albany, took a bath, made breakfast and packed my case, including in it meat, sugar, butter, lard, and cheese—the whole of my weekly food-ration, in fact, plus an accumulation of pipe tobacco as a gift for Trevor.

At Chinnor Trevor was waiting for me, looking paler than when I had seen him last. He was pleased to learn that I had fresh meat with me, because the local butcher won't supply them, as they aren't old customers but merely newcomers to Chinnor.

A woman drove us in a hired car to Trackways, a cottage on a beech-clad hill in the Chilterns overlooking the level portion of Oxfordshire. Trackways, a flimsily built wooden house, has been loaned to Trevor and Jocelyn.

Jocelyn cooked for lunch the meat I had brought with me. We spent a quiet afternoon sitting in deck chairs on a sunny patch of the lawn, talking. I found myself very tired after last night and the complicated journey. But I enjoyed walking to a neighboring farm with Trevor to get some milk. It was one of the few small farms I have visited in England. The farmer poured out the milk under a shed and also yielded six fresh eggs, a transaction entirely *hors de la loi*. In the small barn his son, who has occupational exemption from military service, was milking a cow and listening to the talk of a pipe-smoking, elderly farmhand with a paunchy figure, who was speaking with so pronounced an Oxfordshire accent that I could understand but a few of the words I overheard.

Just before supper Jocelyn, Trevor, and I walked along the top of the ridge to a hamlet called Spriggs Alley, where, in a

small pub, we each drank half a pint of stout. The publican, Jocelyn says, in conformity to tradition is a retired London policeman. He looked the part: a big man with heavy mustaches, he was stretched out on a bench when we came into the parlor, wearing a hat and waistcoat but no jacket. A middle-aged woman wearing trousers was the only customer when we arrived. A very red-faced, white-haired farmer presently appeared and had a pint.

### *August 1, 1944—London*

After dinner this evening Bill Spoelhof and I strolled into Hyde Park. The light was soft upon the trees and lawns. We heard a band playing and walked toward it to some seats under a stand of trees. There we sat and listened, calmed by the pleasant music.

Later tonight Scott and I were startled by a knock on the door. I opened it and found Ben Townsend\* on the threshold, arrived in London from Liverpool this afternoon. Ben, having guessed that I lived at the Albany, had with some difficulty found the place. Both he and O'Brien were in uniform, excited and warm. The porter had told them to go to the second floor. Forgetting that a second floor in England is a third floor in America, they knocked out of bed the elderly gentleman who lives below me. He slammed his door in their faces.

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\* J. Benjamin Townsend, now teaching English literature at Yale University, had been an office colleague, and shared an apartment with me in Washington, prior to my departure for England.

*August 2, 1944—London*

I took Ben to luncheon today and found that he was so tired from the journey and lugging his things that I brought him down to the Albany after lunch and arranged for him to take a hot bath and a nap, since in his billet he has a straw pallet to lie on in a cellar and a hard-boiled sergeant in charge.

This evening I met Louis at a pub club to which he belongs, the White Room near Piccadilly Circus.

I am on fireguard duty tonight on Grosvenor Street, so after I had packed a small kit I walked up Bond Street with Louis, who had to return to duty at his station, and we dropped into another pub club of which he's a member, called the American Stork Club.

Like the White Room, it was principally filled with American soldiers and their girls. I saw a soldier at the bar filling in a membership blank, so I asked Louis to propose me. The fee was 10/6. The woman barkeep promptly made out my membership card, but the law provides that I cannot be admitted to membership before forty-eight hours after application.

The whole point of these mushroom pub clubs, as I learned from Frank, the bartender of the Gay Nineties Club, is that the license to run a bar in a club costs only £1 a year, whereas the license of a regular public bar is vastly higher.

While we were in the American Stork Club a U.S. naval lieutenant stepped in and asked imploringly, "Can't you give us a drink?"

"This is a club," the barmaid firmly replied, directing him to a near-by public house.

*August 3, 1944—London*

Last night the flying bombs came over in quantity. I didn't sleep at all, because every time a bomb approached Mayfair an electric bell in 51 Grosvenor rang loudly three sharp notes. The bell seemed to be just across the room from me. I had set up my cot, which I found folded on the ground floor, in a protected corner of the cellar, so that I felt unusually secure despite the constant signals of imminent danger.

This morning everybody seemed to be blaming the bombs on Mr. Churchill, who made a long address on the war yesterday in the House of Commons in which he discussed the damage already caused by the bombs, said a million people had evacuated London, urged all to leave who could be spared, and was none too optimistic about the rocket bomb, Germany's next secret weapon, the use of which is expected soon against London.\*

The preceding night we had scarcely had a bomb but, no doubt to increase the effect of Mr. Churchill's words and back up his fearful statistics with visible terrorism, the Germans launched bombs all through the night and through much of this morning. It is curious how many people are angry at Churchill.

Ah, the warning siren is sounding just now (11:40 P.M.) after a calm evening of full moonlight. I was strolling in Hyde Park again tonight after dining at the Senior Officers' Club on Park Lane, the former home of Sir Philip Sassoon. I remember coming up to London from Oxford once to visit a special exhibition of Gainsboroughs in that mansion.

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\* Angell, *op cit.*: ". . . if Hitler had vast quantities of V-2's, he could, the experts said, blow London off the map. The Allies therefore prepared a bombing plan, to be used when rocket firings commenced, that would require their entire bombing forces, in order to demolish in one great blow more than 250 V-2 targets in Germany, Holland, Belgium and France. Simultaneously, plans were drawn for a mass evacuation of London."

*August 4, 1944—London*

Undressing just now I caught a glimpse of my body in the full-length mirror and was startled to see how my ribs stick out. It is less than five months since I left America, but the physical change is deplorable. It is the more astonishing because I get more milk and eggs, sugar and citrus fruit than most people, and eat in the best restaurants regularly.

If such emaciation could occur in me in five months, how greatly must the health of the British people, after five years of deprivation, be adversely affected.

*August 6, 1944—London*

The capture of Brittany has almost been accomplished and a breakthrough toward Paris has started which looks wonderfully promising. After these weeks of disappointingly slow progress in Normandy, it is exhilarating to have news of dramatic advances.

I have spent almost this entire Sunday with Ben—a sight-seeing jaunt. He was an hour late in coming to meet me, and I had begun to worry lest his billet had been hit during the night by a flying bomb. He had merely overslept.

We went by bus to the Tower of London, whose outside was all we could see, as it is closed to the public during the war. The underground carried us to St. Paul's—a cathedral that has no appeal for me whatsoever—and to the bomb-devastated area around it. We looked at all the pompous, badly sculptured monuments within the Cathedral and walked around its exterior. After a stroll along the Embankment we returned by bus to Albany, where I fixed an iced drink.

Scott suddenly appeared, changed his shirt and shoes, mixed himself a dry Martini, and hurried off to the theater. He came into the living-room and talked nervously to us. Scott declared that the advance in Brittany has been so rapid that land forces are capturing a port (or ports) that were to have been the objective of a seaborne expedition. "We're mad because now the thing we've been working on won't be necessary," he said.

### *August 12, 1944—London*

Tonight Ben and I went to see a well-staged revival of Frederick Lonsdale's superficial and witty comedy, *The Last of Mrs. Cheney*. Searching afterward for a place to dine, we hit upon La Maison Suisse on Greek Street, where we had to share a table with a middle-aged French flying officer on his last evening on leave in London. He fought in the infantry in the last war, is a Breton, and was in Egypt for five years prior to 1939. He told me that in his youth he used to visit at Easter a cousin who lived in a village near Charleroi. This last Easter his squadron was sent to bomb his cousin's factory in this village—strange, sad coincidence.

The Frenchman had an evening paper that announced the launching of an aerial offensive on France's Mediterranean coast. Meanwhile, information is rather sparse about the American spearheads racing from Brittany in such various rumored directions as Alençon, south of the Loire, and Paris itself.



*August 13, 1944—London*

According to Scott, who was in for a short while this afternoon, the military situation is not so brilliant as people hope. Yesterday was a rather poor day, in fact, and there are controversies over the situation which may lead to changes in some commands. Bet against anyone who says the war will be over by September 1, he says. I would anyway. The Sunday papers are full of speculation on the war's end. Several public men are willing to predict November or even October.

The Germans, to counteract the psychological effects of our military advances, are broadcasting dire threats about their next secret weapon, V-2, which they say is about to be used and will rapidly end the war in their favor. We who are in range of V-1, the flying bomb, are getting inured to it, but the thought of more terrible explosives is uncomfortable to entertain. I would frankly prefer to be out of range of V-2.

Ben and I made a tourist expedition today to Hampton Court. Our journey by water started at Richmond. It was so warm and lovely a Sunday that the river swarmed with sailboats, punts, canoes, and rowboats. There were even swimmers, though the water below Kingston looks filthy for bathing. Our steamer was overcrowded. Hampton Court itself, when we got there, was overrun by visitors.

Ben and I picnicked on the lawn in front of the palace, facing the exterior façade, which is my favorite feature of the extensive buildings. We walked through the State Chambers, a dull set of rooms in their present condition. I liked the big windows, however, from which the view is attractive. The park behind the palace is lovely, with a long avenue of stately trees, in whose midst Ben and I stretched out to rest. All through the park—as in all English parks—were other people stretched out to kiss and fondle each other. It is always an initial astonishment to Americans to see how public the British are in their

recumbent embracing. Plenty of American soldiers have learned the trick, however, from observation and their English girl friends.

### *August 14, 1944—London*

A number of flying bombs came over this morning around seven o'clock. Drowsily I got out of bed, fitted on my steel helmet, and took refuge in the bathroom, which Louis told me is safer than the bedroom.

Had supper on South Molton Street. After I had come home and written some letters I took a walk in this teeming neighborhood and had a beer in two different pubs. In the first, New Zealanders predominated. I had a chat with a rather drunken naval airman who told me he was a radio broadcaster in New Zealand before the war. He had had his air training in Canada and was most enthusiastic about Canada. Soon I pushed on, and after more of a walk in the darkening streets drank another beer at a different pub. But it's no use—I'm out of my element in such an atmosphere.

### *August 17, 1944—London*

The Allied campaign in France is smashing forward in the most encouraging style. Landings have now occurred on the French Mediterranean coast, and it looks as if there is a real possibility of crushing the German forces that held us back so long in Normandy.

Military news is dished out to the public cautiously, since

part of the game is to conceal from the Germans the direction, force, and extent of our thrusts. I therefore don't know how far we have actually penetrated into France.

To establish Ben on a proper footing in Albany,\* and incidentally get him a key to the outer doors, I asked the Secretary, Captain Adams, to come in for a cocktail. That fantastic man was stimulated by Ben's manner—Ben enjoyed egging him on—to tell us various scandals of London society. Captain Adams was apparently so delighted with Ben that he asked us both to come around to his rooms for a beer after our dinner, so that he might show us his painted ceiling.

### *August 20, 1944—London*

The Sunday papers are filled with joyful predictions that the German army in France will be quickly annihilated. Triumph is in the air.

I lay a long while this morning in bed, almost the first Sunday since my arrival in England in which I didn't get up in good time. But I must regain repose. A steady rain was falling, excellent for the dry earth, but unfortunately a screen through which the flying bombs have penetrated to London in greater quantity than in recent weeks, when clear skies permitted fighter planes to pick them off over the Channel and anti-aircraft batteries to bring them down over open country. I heard several bombs go over during the morning.

About noon, Ben, who had worked at the office until 3 A.M. on his rush assignment, came down and was with me in the bathroom—our safest room—when we heard a flying bomb close.

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\* On the preceding day Ben Townsend, released from his billet and authorized because of his work to wear civilian clothes (he was an enlisted man), moved into Albany to occupy the third bedroom of E5.

Ben rashly looked out the window. Like a frightened colt he suddenly sprang away deeper into the room. Simultaneously I heard a resounding crash and the end of the bomb's engine roar. Ben had seen the bomb drop, black and evil, out of the clouds, beheld a flash and shied away to take cover. We both looked again from the window and saw a column of billowing smoke a few blocks away.

After we had lunched we walked in the direction of the explosion. I had calculated that the bomb fell perhaps on South Audley Street. Actually it was much nearer, for it plunged through the roof of Lansdowne House at the foot of Berkeley Square.

Lansdowne House, built as a block of fashionable flats on the site of the old lord's residence, has been in use during the war by one of the British Ministries. Had the bomb fallen on a weekday, the casualties would have been enormous. As it is, I fear a considerable staff was on duty. So at least a gentleman in Berkeley Square said, who claimed the bomb hit the roof close to the elevator shaft.

Walking away from Berkeley Square, I was fascinated by the spectacle of an antique shop on Bruton Street whose glass show window had been utterly shattered by the blast. But a large porcelain plate resting upright on a holder two feet within the window had not been knocked over, nor was any detail of the antique furniture on display in any way disturbed. The owner of the shop had evidently not learned of the breakage of his front window, for no one stood on guard, although any passer-by might have filched the objects within.

*August 21, 1944—London*

Altogether it has been a disturbing day. The temperature has fallen sharply; the sky has been clouded; and repeatedly we have had alerts. Several times during the day work in the office was interrupted by the imminent-danger signal.

A buzz bomb is approaching as I write. This is the third alert this evening.

*August 22, 1944—London*

Last night was terrifying. The doodle bugs zoomed and crashed around, so that sleep was next to impossible. Ben, whose little room is just under the roof, was made nervous enough to dash downstairs several times.

This morning everybody showed the effects of strain and everybody mentioned what an awful night it had been. Today, although the weather has not perceptibly cleared, the bombs have let up a little. It is already midnight, for instance, and the sirens have not sounded since midday.

I persuaded Jean Davidson to lunch at No. 3 Grosvenor Club today with me and several of my colleagues. Jean has just come back to London after three weeks in France accompanying the U.S.-equipped French division under General Leclerc. Jean got as far as Chartres, which at the time was still partly under German control.

He was full of vivid impressions. He says France is inevitably headed for a De Gaulle dictatorship. All the French insist on *ordre*. Pétain's name he never heard mentioned. The Germans are being butchered by the terrific attacks of Allied aircraft. The Allied *matériel* in France is overwhelming. He asserts that

he saved the lives of at least five wounded Germans whom the French were leaving to die untended. He saw a captured German who refused to talk shot at the order of a French officer. From numerous sources he heard that some U.S. soldiers, drunk with *calvados*, were trying to rape French women. Around the first farmhouse where he spent a night were heaps of unburied dead. In several towns he saw the French shaving the heads of women who had slept with Germans. The important collaborationists had skedaddled. *Vive De Gaulle!* is the cry on all lips, never *Vive la République!* Behind this cheering for De Gaulle is a quasicompulsion. The American troops are less correct in their behavior than the Germans were. Vengeance against the Germans is insatiable with the French.

### *August 23, 1944—London*

Today the sun came out and the French hung out their flags, for the liberation of Paris has been achieved. I have felt lighthearted, and as I walked past the office of the French Merchant Marine this evening, before which was hung an enormous new French flag, I felt an impulse to take off my hat to it. For four years Paris has been under the domination of Germany. Now at last it is free of the conqueror. What happiness for the French people! All the civilized world rejoices with them.

At Prunier's tonight, where I dined with Charles, there was a gay crowd. The atmosphere was almost Parisian.

But one senses the drabness and destruction of London and imagines that tonight Paris is gayer, fresher, and safer than London itself, forgetting the ordeal through which Paris has passed, especially in these last months.

Let us sweep onward to a quick ending of all this ghastly slaughter.

*August 25, 1944—London*

Apparently the announcement of the liberation of Paris was premature, or at best a half-truth. The French sponsored the original announcement, and they have made claims with which the Allied high command is not in agreement. SHAEF's communiqué last night was a douche of cold water. But today we learn of General Leclerc's armored division entering the capital and joining the Resistance in numerous small battles that are being fought in sections of Paris against the Germans.

I have suddenly realized that this last week has seen three notable cities, Florence, Warsaw, and Paris, simultaneously situated on the lines between contending armies.

*August 26, 1944—London*

Paris really is freed. The situation may have been desperate for a while, but the Allied armor penetrated within, and the Parisians rushed to welcome it.

As the crowds cheered yesterday afternoon on the Champs Elysées, a volley of German fire coming from the Place de l'Etoile mowed many down. Yet by last evening General De Gaulle had entered the city.

At the Prefecture of Police he made a bellicosely nationalistic speech that will make him the hero of Paris and more unpopular than ever in foreign chancelleries. "France is a great nation and she has rights which she will know how to make heard," he cried. ". . . She has the right to be in the first line among the great nations who are going to organize the peace and life of the world. She has the right . . ." *Vive la France!* The long ordeal and humiliation of France is about to end. What will follow?

Today I took advantage of a temporary honorary membership in Buck's Club—arranged for me by Lord Soulbury—to entertain Charley Bane and Arthur Schlesinger there at luncheon. Buck's Club is in a mellow 18th-century house on Clifford Street, not far from Albany. The atmosphere comes up to my anticipation of what a London club should be—engravings, portraits presented by members and of members, comfortable furniture, high-ranking officers at the bar, carafes of port on mahogany sideboards, stud books, courteous servants, a backgammon set in the card room, the latest London periodicals on a fine table in the reading-room, lists of members well sprinkled with the peerage . . .

### *August 27, 1944—London*

Today a walking-trip in Surrey. I had fireguard duty last night at 70 Brook Street, was waked early by the crash of bombs, and doubted in consequence that I'd find the weather good, for when it is clear nowadays almost no bombs get through the defenses. But this has proved to be one of the most perfect Sundays of the summer.

Ben and I met Jack Christopher, Bill Koren, Kenyon Poole, and Morris Janowitz at Waterloo Station, where we boarded the slow train to Portsmouth, getting off at Witley in Surrey.

The real climb of the afternoon was up Gibbet Hill, which we ascended through woodlands and from whose summit we had a very pleasant panoramic view of the wooded countryside. The heather is in bloom now, empurpling the slopes. It was warm, and we all lay on the soft turf on the top of Gibbet Hill, our faces toward the sun, chatting idly.

Birds, a luminous white in the sunlight, darted through the blue above us. It made us feel good to be tired and companion-



able and sun-warmed, and to know that the beneficent weather was a help to the Allied air forces in France, hourly pounding the harried armies of Hitler.

From this hilltop, forgetful of the myriad past hangings it has borne, I could see over the edge of war into the milder, still distant atmosphere of coming peace.

From Gibbet Hill we descended into Hindhead, a resort town of cafés and villas, where, with some difficulty because of the crowd, we obtained tea. Striding out of Hindhead, refreshed by the tea, we went through a lovely natural stretch of woods and small, stagnant, greened-over ponds named Waggoners Wells. One pond was an intense green with the sun shining on the growths of its glasslike surface, the perfection of stagnation. Jan wanted to disturb the surface by plopping a stone into the water. I cried out against this desecration of such perfect stillness. When his stone fell in, an aperture of clear water was momentarily created, but the green surface did not ripple, and swiftly the living green particles slid together again to close the gap.

### *September 1, 1944—London*

This morning I saw a newsreel of the liberation of Paris—an event so moving and exalting that I could not watch the pictured processions, cheers, embraces, and happy tumult without a tear rolling down my cheek.

But as usual I thought pessimistically of the reaction, the aftermath of this great enthusiasm. The Parisians will have their hours of frustration and despair.

*September 2, 1944—London*

Ben and I caught the 2:20 train to Cambridge from Liverpool Street. We even managed to get seats, though a quarter of an hour before the train started the aisles were packed with standees.

It was a horribly rainy afternoon and our compartment was filled with a large family, from granddad by the window to a babe in arms. When a plane swooped over the train, the small boy of the family, with an expressive gesture to indicate that his innards had flopped over in fright, exclaimed in Cockney accent that he thought it was a "doodle bug."

We were to dine in Trinity College as guests of the Vice Master. Shortly before 7:30 we presented ourselves at the porter's lodge. The Vice Master received us at the head of his staircase and took us into his rooms, where he has a fine old decorated-plaster ceiling. A personal friend of his joined us and we all four walked across the impressively large court of Trinity to the dons' smoking-room. After a few minutes' chat, Mr. Winstanley beckoned to Ben and me to follow and led the way upstairs to the Hall. The distinguished-looking elderly dons came after us, a courtesy that made me feel the tail was marching ahead of the forelock; but the demands of hospitality created still a greater disorder of position when the Vice Master, taking his place at the head of the dons' long table, indicated that Ben should sit on his right and I on his left.

A tailcoated servant struck a gong to bring silence. As we at the high table and the several dozen students also dining in Hall stood by our chairs, Mr. Winstanley read the Latin grace. Then we all sat. The dinner served was a very good one by wartime standards. The Vice Master, his other guests, and I were served our beer in old silver flagons engraved with armorial bearings. Mr. Winstanley explained that the wartime shortage of servants had obliged the college to put away most of its silver

mugs for want of polishers to keep them presentable. The other fellows drank their beer from glasses.

It was when we went upstairs to the Senior Combination Room, with the Vice Master and his guests again going first, that I fell in with an elderly mathematician, by whom I sat at the long mahogany table round which passed the decanters of port and Madeira, and with whom I had an interesting conversation about education, and so forth. He had taught both at Princeton and Cal. Tech.

Just before nine o'clock Mr. Winstanley leaned toward me and asked whether I would like to hear the news on the wireless. I concluded that he would not have put the question if he had not wanted me to say yes, so I expressed delight with the idea. Our rising from the table was a signal for all to rise. My mathematical neighbor grunted that he never listened to the news, but from the number who followed Winstanley into a small room where there was a radio, I perceived that accepting his suggestion had been the proper thing to do.

When the news was over, Winstanley invited Ben and me to come to his rooms. To make it more of an occasion he also invited Professor Brad, Bertrand Russell, and another. Lord Russell did not stay more than a few minutes, and Ben has since lamented that he said nothing memorable. Mr. Winstanley talked about Coptic churches in Egypt.

### *September 3, 1944—Cambridge*

We had a superlative morning to see the colleges. Yesterday's rain clarified the air, and the sun shone on lawns of the brightest green. The "backs" of Cambridge, with the gently flowing Cam, the graceful foot-bridges, flower gardens, distinguished architecture, and weeping-willow trees, surely constitute one of the loveliest spots in Europe.

Ben and I, like the gawpiest tourists, attached ourselves to a guide-led tour arranged by the English Speaking Union. American officers and soldiers made up most of the party. We became pretty fagged out from entering courts, marching into dining-halls and looking at chapels, so an early luncheon, with a glass of whisky, was most welcome.

Later in the afternoon we walked on our own, encountering Bertrand Russell, his auburn-haired young wife, and small son on a similar stroll. Like us they went into the garden of Magdalene College.

Tonight's dinner in Hall has been even more impressive than last night's, for many more of the dons were present, and in the Senior Combination Room plates of fine ripe plums were passed around with the port and Madeira. At dinner I was seated on Winstanley's right and next to a retired general with a long name. He had passed nearly his whole life in India, where he worked on the geodetic survey. He told me that as he looks back now upon the crises of the early war years he is more frightened in retrospect than he was at the time.

Winstanley asked again the question that he put last evening: Did the Americans in 1940 believe that England would be conquered? Ben's answer last night to this query ought, I should have thought, to have made some impression, for I remember that it horrified me. Ben was frank enough to say that some Americans in 1940 wanted, out of a sense of jealousy, to see Britain thoroughly trounced. This may well have been true, but I quailed to hear such a disagreeable truth expressed in the comforts of a Cambridge don's rooms.

Nobody commented on Ben's statement when he made it. Judging from Winstanley's repetition of the question tonight, Ben's view did not dent the armor of his thinking. I took it upon myself this time to make the answer.

In the morning we are to leave by a very early train. Visiting Cambridge has been a great success. It is curious, and I think rather charming, to find these scholarly dons, with their

lined, meditative faces, dining still in state in their ancient colleges, drinking their port and talking of many subjects old and new as England moves into her sixth year of war. Two years ago this retention of academic ease might have seemed incongruous, even pathetic. I should have looked around and thought: Tomorrow this may all be gone; Nazi bombs may obliterate these colleges. But tonight victory is in the air and Englishmen may sip their port in the comfortable conviction that they and theirs will prevail.

### *September 4, 1944—London*

This noon came the wonderful news that Brussels has been taken. I did not expect it so soon.

I confess to a mean disappointment that my being out of London for two nights, safely away from the range of flying bombs, was a useless advantage, for despite the rain this week end, which had led me to imagine that I might be missing some very disagreeable moments, no flying bombs came to London at all. The happy explanation is the rapid advance of the British and Canadian forces behind the Pas-de-Calais area, where the Germans launch their doodle bugs. There is a possibility that the flying-bomb menace is over.\*

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\* Angell, *op. cit.*: "The last V-1 fired from a launching site in France struck England on the afternoon of September 1, 1944. Allied ground troops, advancing rapidly up the French coast, had forced the flying-bomb firing units to withdraw northward into Holland. Thereafter, the greatly reduced numbers of flying bombs that hit England were fired from Heinkel 111's equipped to air-launch V-1's or from ground sites in Holland.

"On the day the last V-1 was fired from France, British civil defense authorities halted their planning of precautionary measures against V-2 attack."

*September 5, 1944—London*

Went to Bant Littlefield's new flat on Upper Grosvenor Street. The bomb on Lansdowne House forced Bant and his friends to move out of their former quarters. Even after repeated vacuum cleanings the upholstered furniture there was impregnated with glass particles. They didn't dare sit down.

*September 7, 1944—London*

I entertained Angus Acworth for luncheon. As we in the office have lately been paying attention to French ideas on the future of Germany, I asked Acworth, as an educated Englishman, what he thought should be done with the Reich. His opinion is that it makes little difference, for he believes that Germany, after this war, will be ruined in the same way that France was finished in 1815. Acworth says France lived off her capital in the 19th century, slipping down as a power. Germany has had her chance and just missed it, says Acworth. Now she too will enter a long eclipse as a political and military power. The coming nation industrially and demographically is Russia.

Acworth's belief that the defeat of Germany will inevitably mean Germany's decline is shared by as great an expert as Hitler. The Nazis are making their last-ditch stand to the accompaniment of propaganda that Germany either wins or enters upon a thousand years of slavery.

## *September 9, 1944—London*

Ben and I went to a film this evening. When we emerged after dark Leicester Square and Piccadilly were seething with the usual Saturday-night throng. We could hardly make our way through the crowd. It seemed to me sinister to have so many people shuffling around in blackness. In another ten days the London blackout is to be partially lightened, so perhaps never again will I behold such a curious, shadowy spectacle.

## *September 10, 1944—London*

Scott came in this evening from Paris, bringing a bottle of champagne the Army let him have. It was confiscated from the warehouses of the German army, and had stamped on it: "Reserved for the *Wehrmacht*." He reports that Paris is becoming increasingly pleasant. He and his party did not leave until after lunch—a simple-enough fact of transportation by air, but breathtaking, nevertheless, after four years in which Paris and London have been cut off from each other completely.

This whole week has passed without an alert. Indeed, since the Allied forces in France have captured three hundred launching-sites for flying bombs, the government expresses a fair degree of confidence that there will be no further serious bombing attacks on London.\*

I note no particular sensation of relief in myself. The disappearance of sporadic moments of fear merely feels to me normal. For about eighty days there was the recurrent possibility

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\* Angell, *op. cit.*: "On the 7th of September a member of the British War Cabinet announced to the press that 'the Battle of London' was over, except 'possibly . . . a few last shots.'"

of violent death, but it was not a constant oppression in the sense that no hours of relief from the feeling of danger ever came. On the contrary, I was seldom concerned about the bombs except when actually hearing them, or, more rarely, when anticipating, from a change in the weather, that they would come in quantity. Still, I would be very sorry if they came back again. And frightened if the much-vaunted V-2 began to arrive.

### *September 12, 1944—London*

During the night I was awakened by a loud explosion, followed closely by another. After that I could not sleep for a long time. The explosions perturbed me because Friday evening at about 6:30, as I was hurrying to Albany to meet Joan, I heard two similar explosions.\* My taxi-driver in the evening said that a bomber had crashed. At Buck's Club one of my table-companions yesterday said there were all sorts of rumors at Lord's about the Friday explosions. Another declared flatly that the gas works at Chiswick had blown up. The fact is, no mention of the explosions had been made in the papers, or by any authority. Now further explosions have occurred, and people are freely declaring that they are caused by V-2, the second German secret weapon, for whose launching the tremendous captured concrete emplacements on the Cherbourg Peninsula were presumably built.

It was an eerie sensation to know that such explosions are happening and to have them ignored. No alerts are sounded. Is that because V-2's drop out of the stratosphere undetected?

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\* Angell, *op. cit.*: ". . . at the dinner hour on the evening of September 8 the first of more than a thousand 12-ton V-2 rockets that were to strike London fell soundlessly and exploded in a London suburb. Six seconds later a second V-2 struck another London suburb."



The government has again warned the people evacuated from London not to return until advised that all danger is over. This policy of silence no doubt aims at preventing the Germans from learning how accurate and effective the new weapon is.

The one consoling event is the penetration of American forces beyond the frontier of Germany. It is too much to hope, however, that the Siegfried Line can be rapidly breached.

I lunched today with Charles Byron at the Allies Club. He was bubbling over with enthusiasm for Paris, from which he has just returned. He found the people wildly enthusiastic. The atmosphere was thrilling, the city largely unscathed, the women well dressed (after London the Parisian chicness catches the notice of all Americans), prices fantastically high, electricity lacking, food terribly scarce. He stayed at the Hotel Meurice. One of the hotel servants recognized him and saw to it that he had a magnificent bedroom. The Germans had been occupying the Meurice. In their rage at being driven out, Charles says they fired into mirrors, slashed curtains and raised as much havoc as they could.

Charles went to his family's flat, where a German Gestapo general had been living, as well as the French tenants. The old cook let Charles in and gave him a tremendous kiss. The Germans before leaving had damaged the silk damask walls.

I read a beautiful letter today from a German officer to his wife, written by him as he waited on the Cherbourg Peninsula for the crushing approach of the American forces. This German expressed all the despair and distaste for war's brutality that a sensitive, civilized man could feel. I wonder, however, whether he appreciated these horrors as fully when the shoe was on the other foot and he sped forward as a conqueror in 1940.

*September 13, 1944—London*

Sam Welles came to see me this morning. Sam tells me the recent explosions were caused by 1,100-pound rocket bombs that plummeted out of the sky from heights estimated to approach fifteen miles. They have made craters as deep as forty feet, but Sam claims their blast damage is less than that of the flying bombs.

The Allied armies are probing at Germany. Sam thinks the German war will be over by mid-November at the latest. The Germans, he says, despite the overextension (from a supply viewpoint) of the Allied lines, have not been able to stage a counteroffensive; and yet to come is a renewed Soviet offensive on their Eastern front. He thinks the end may come much sooner than November. Trevor believes it may come this month. I notice that several London shops are beginning to display red, white, and blue streamers, and so on, for sale on victory day.

The Albany apparently is also convinced of an early peace, for tonight the busts of Byron and Bulwer-Lytton, which have been in a basement throughout the war, have reappeared on their niches in the entrance hall.

*September 14, 1944—London*

According to Ben, Scott last evening advised accepting any bet against the view that the war will be over before Christmas. The supply problem, aggravated by the small number of seaports that are available to our ships, has become serious, he says.

Haven't heard any more rocket-bomb explosions myself, although Miss Garrett tells me one came down in the night. The Germans are testing, I suppose.

### *September 15, 1944—London*

At the luncheon table at Buck's a fine-looking young British officer—one arm gone—remarked to his companion, "I had a rather unfortunate homecoming. My father met me at the station and told me that my youngest brother had been killed. Just two weeks before in Italy I'd had dinner with him. It seems he was killed two days after I left. He was only nineteen." All this was told with the English gentleman's lack of emotionalism. I was touched to hear it and thought of the sacrifices of the young officer's parents: one son lost, the other maimed.

England hides its sorrows so well that one can live in London as I have for six months and, having few family or other connections and being occupied with business, scarcely perceive an atmosphere of mourning. It was not so in Spain after the civil war. There everyone was grieving over dead relatives and friends. Here I have no doubt the grief is as deep, but it is concealed.

### *September 16, 1944—Oxford*

After six years I am again in Oxford. What memories! I dined in Hall,\* where, though it is not full term, a few individuals were scattered on benches. The food was bad; the finest portraits, those by Gainsborough, Romney, and Raeburn, for example, have been put away. But I liked being there again and pausing as I came out to talk to the handsome, white-mustached old man who serves in the buttery. He remarked that I hadn't

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\* Christ Church Hall, where Henry VIII banqueted, and where Charles I often dined during the Civil Wars, contains an outstanding collection of portraits.

been back for a very long while. I asked about my old scout, Lee, who is apparently a sergeant major in Liverpool, the only one of the senior college servants on active duty. Lee was a sergeant in the last war and never lost his military bearing.

### *September 21, 1944—London*

I omitted one of the most striking incidents of the visit to Oxford. In the morning, while Ben and I were in and about University College looking at the ghastly marble statue of the dead, naked Shelley, a fleet of huge planes trailing gliders behind them passed over the city. All flew low. At that hour the atmosphere was misty. They loomed through the mist impressively, making a terrible roar, and one at least was so low that I feared it would knock off the spire of St. Mary's, over which it flew.

We conjectured from this air armada of gliders that a special mission was involved. The next morning we read that airborne troops had landed behind the German lines in Holland.

### *September 26, 1944—London*

Tonight I have been to see the Old Vic company do Shakespeare's *Richard III*. After watching Richard's death agonies on Bosworth Field and the promise of better days under Richmond (Henry VII), I was suddenly struck, as we all stood during the playing of *God Save the King*, by our comfortable, prosperous detachment, as an audience, from the terror and violence of the play, whereas at this very moment, across the Channel in Holland, a battle is being fought near Arnhem far

bloodier than the battle of Bosworth Field and against a villain as evil as hunchback Richard.

*September 27, 1944—London*

I no longer have the same optimism over the ending of the war in Europe as grew within me during the rout of the German armies in France. The Germans are now holding and resisting desperately. General De Gaulle has said that the war will not be over before spring, and this first voice among the Allied leaders to admit that victory may not come in 1944 is possibly a foretaste of other cautious predictions.

How we shall hate another winter of war!

I am very distressed whenever I think of the great fleet of gliders that flew over my head at Oxford. So many from among the crews have died since at Arnhem.

*September 28, 1944—London*

Last night Scott reappeared, by now become almost a stranger. He has been in France again. The destruction of Brest greatly impressed him: not a building whole and habitable, the port unusable, a horrid stink from slaughtered bodies. The city has been wiped out, so that he thinks it will have to be razed to the ground and totally rebuilt.

Scott repeated his opinion that the Allied armies will not conquer Germany this autumn. The supply problem is bad. Our troops have flung away their personal equipment in the speed of the chase. Now that it is getting cold they lack warm cloth-

ing. Their shoes are wearing out and so are the trucks that carry provisions.

*September 29, 1944—London*

Tonight I dined alone at the oyster bar at Prunier's. Should have returned to the flat and done some writing but instead went pub-crawling.

Although I sampled at least four pubs, starting with the fashionable and fearfully crowded Shepherd's, and taking a half-pint at a pub that I've been told is disreputable—there were some tough, ugly customers in it, but no signs of disorderliness—I couldn't find any sense or pleasure in spending an evening this way. Shepherd's reminded me of an overcrowded private party, just a jam of chattering, well-dressed people. The other pubs were unattractive; they might have been men's laboratories in a railway station, the customers certainly being no more select or presentable.

I learned one thing from my round, even though I hadn't a word of conversation all evening. London is a dull place on Saturday night in wartime. The pubs run dry remarkably early. When I went to the Piccadilly Brasserie at about 9:40 P.M., all the beer was gone. The next pub I entered still had beer but it closed at 10 P.M. After that I went home soberly and respectably.

No wonder, despite a drizzle, so many American soldiers were to be seen loitering around Leicester Square and Piccadilly Circus. There's really no place for them to go to have bang-up fun, and being on leave they scarcely want to go to bed at ten.

*October 3, 1944—London*

Ben took me to dinner in a mushroom club he's joined. We were offered steak, ordered it, and when the bill came found that the club was shamelessly exceeding the legal limit set on the price of a meal. First time I've seen that happen.

Have just heard a distant explosion. Is London again an enemy target?

*October 6, 1944—London*

Dr. Batista i Roca\* invited me to lunch today with Dr. Josep Trueta, another member of the Catalan National Council. Dr. Trueta is a surgeon who now lives in Oxford.† Trueta has an interesting head—not handsome, but the features strong. He told me that four times during the 19th century members of his family were driven into exile.

The doctor has a lively suspicion of Russia. He declared that Soviet Russia betrayed the Spanish Republic during the civil war. Dr. Trueta said he always believed Russian interest in Spain was more a manifestation of Russian nationalism than of Communism. Russia wants to have influence in the Mediterranean.

Batista came forward with the idea that Russia is currently trying to increase her influence in Spain in order to trade it for a free hand in Poland. Stalin will promise Britain and America to withdraw from Western Europe provided he is given unham-

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\* Dr. J. I. Batista i Roca, a scholarly and conservative exile from Spain, is an advocate of Spanish decentralism, the freeing of Barcelona from bondage to Madrid, and cultural liberty for Catalonia.

† Dr. Trueta later published *The Spirit of Catalonia*.

pered sway over Poland's destiny. "So it will end up all right for Spain," said Dr. Batista with a grin. Dr. Trueta shook his head with a dark frown, dubious of this happy conclusion.

### *October 7, 1944—London*

I lunched at Buck's Club. Opposite me at the center table sat young Astor, the son of the owner of the London *Times*. Because of paper restrictions, this eminent newspaper has a very limited circulation. I can't buy it now, though it was delivered to me during the summer, when numerous registered subscribers left London because of the flying bombs. Their return has deprived me of my copies.

Young Astor's companion suddenly said to him, "I don't suppose you could get me *The Times*, could you?"

Astor replied, "I'll try, but I don't believe I'll succeed. I asked my father for a subscription and he said, 'I'll put your name down, but there's a very long waiting-list.'"

This inability of the owner's son to procure a subscription to *The Times* amused me. I admired the scrupulous fairness of the owner in refusing to allot subscriptions for reasons of personal privilege. *The Times* regards itself as a national institution, and this overheard conversation makes me believe that even the Astors treat it as a thing apart.

The English sense of justice is highly commendable, particularly when it keeps a powerful family from dispensing uneven advantages to personal friends within the seclusion of a private club.



*October 8, 1944—London*

In the afternoon we went by bus to Kensington High Street, walked by Holland Park (which the war has put in a dismal condition), and searched out a house on Campden Hill Road which was a center for pre-Raphaelites. This part of Kensington is looking exceedingly shabby. It has suffered considerable blast damage.

London really is a frightful spectacle of damaged and dirty buildings. The more I see, the more acutely I become aware of the knocks it has taken since 1939.

We're having nightly air attacks again—small pumpkins compared to what the summer produced, but still causing scars to London and costing human lives. Another winter of war will be a dreaded experience.

*October 10, 1944—London*

Joe Charles took me and a young American in the RAF to a meeting of international socialists this afternoon. It proved to be a fascinating experience. The meeting was called by Harold Laski, the leading intellectual in the British Labour Party. Mrs. Tom Middleton, the wife of the Secretary of the Labour Party Executive, presided.

Laski read a manifesto that he had written and that he wished the assembled socialists to sign. The manifesto called for the creation of a single Socialist International and proposed an immediate effort to bring the socialists and the Communists together, so that the new Socialist International should be the unified voice of the world's workingmen. His proposal was that the Socialist Party in each country as it is liberated—so far

France, Belgium, and Luxembourg—should leap into action and join in bringing pressure upon the United Nations to make a just peace.

No sooner had Laski read his manifesto and advocated its acceptance with a loud, vigorous voice than the critics jumped up and attacked various aspects of it. Frank Horrabin, the geographer, spoke first. He was followed by Louis Lévy, the French socialist, a short, rotund, spectacular-looking man, who briefly denounced, in the name of the French socialists, the British Labour Party's apparent intention to exclude non-Allied socialists.

The Austrian, Oscar Pollack, seized the floor, thanked Louis Lévy for breaking the ice, and earnestly hammered home his grief and anger at the attitude that distinguished between Allied and non-Allied socialists. It was as if the non-Allied socialists were being asked to go through a separate door, he said. Pollack's views were further backed by an Italian, who referred to Pietro Nenni, the Italian socialist leader, as one with whom he corresponds.

Victor Schiff, a heavy-set, deaf man, whom I believe to be German, said he could not sign the manifesto because signing it would imply approval of William Gillis, the British Labourite who supports Lord Vansittart's harsh views on the future treatment of Germany.

Everybody present seemed to be most bitter about the attitude of the absent William Gillis. Epithets were hurled about.

Harold Laski defended himself from any intention to discriminate against socialists from non-Allied countries. He suggested an amendment to care for this point and said that his reasons for mentioning action only by socialists in the liberated countries of France, Belgium, and Luxembourg was that in other countries the Socialist Parties were not free to act openly.

Tom Middleton made a fatherly speech in which he indicated that William Gillis and his like were not basically repre-

sentative of the British Labour Party. He deplored William Gillis's point of view and the change that has come over him in recent years.

We were obliged to leave before the meeting reached any decision on the Laski manifesto. It was a stimulating, lively and acrimonious gathering. Joe Charles says Laski is an extinct volcano—the whole meeting was an effort on Laski's part to get the foreign socialists to back him up in an internal quarrel within the Labour Party.

### *October 22, 1944—London*

I have a pleasant physical weariness tonight—a comfortable warm glow in my bones that an afternoon's walk in the Chilterns produced.

Ben and I went to Wendover by train from Baker Street. We'd neither of us seen Wendover—a pretty little town full of places to lodge—but somebody had told me it was a good center for walks. We had gray skies—Ben slipped and fell in a patch of claylike mud—and most of the afternoon we had only a vague notion of where we were in relation to Tring, toward which we were aiming. But the rolling green landscape, the woods of beech trees, and the russet colors of the foliage made it a delightful walk.

We asked our way several times. At the top of the hill we met an Italian ex-prisoner of war, and in asking him I made him grin by my inept use of several Italian words. Later we came upon two girl hikers who had come up from Cholesbury and were going toward Wendover. They opened a very detailed map, but it did not extend to Tring.

After wandering through a beech forest with leaf-strewn floor and lichen-greened trunks, we emerged upon a tar road

and discovered from a 1939 sign that we had crossed forbidden territory. An English gentleman in tweeds and dark-shell glasses, accompanied by several dogs, was approaching along the road. Upon being hailed, he looked at my map and set us onto the right course. He was horrified that we had come through the beech wood. That's top secret, he said. All we had seen was an abandoned emergency-hut enclosed by a barbed-wire fence.

To confirm our new directions I asked of a farm hand whom we came up to later, "Is this the way to Tring?"

"Impossible—stone deaf. Impossible—stone deaf," he replied. "Tring did you say? Turn left."

### *October 24, 1944—London*

The international future inspires me with little optimism. Nazi Germany is in its death throes, but the European agony will hardly disappear with the cutting out of that tumor.

The war has cured none of the standard ills of Europe—the boundary and racial questions, the disarmament problem, the maladjustments of population, agricultural deficiencies, educational backwardness, language minorities, industrial weakness, and so on through the depressing list.

The war has meant a tremendous effort, an overtaxing of human strength and skill, and a waste in men (through the wastage of their souls, if not the death of their bodies) and of material equipment that is heartrending to realize.

And from all these bitter experiences, what have we learned? Are we really politically wiser? Can we make an intelligent arrangement of forces for the post-hostilities period? I am so afraid that none of the old social, political, and economic problems has been solved, and that the peace will be botched.

*October 28, 1944—London*

At noon today Lieutenant Colonel H. Fuller of the Marines—as tough a fighting man as any I’ve ever seen—came to my office and talked to me for about two hours of his experiences in the south of France.

He had a fascinating story. In June he was dropped by parachute near the village of St.-Bertrand-de-Comminges. The Germans were still in control of the entire area, but in the mountains bands of F.F.I. (*Forces Françaises de l’Intérieur*) were actively resisting. Fuller and a French officer who accompanied him were awaited by Resistance leaders. Fuller had no identity papers to carry that would square him with the Germans, so he had to stay out of sight in the daytime. Twice near-by villagers betrayed the camp location of his guerrilla band. The Germans attacked on these occasions, the second time with as many as 1,500 men. But Fuller’s band actually grew bigger as time went on, and around the 20th of August the third engagement in which he fought was an offensive action. His men blocked the attempt of German troops to escape north through the valley of Luchon. The Germans were obliged to turn tail and were chased across the border into Spain.

All these activities of the colonel took place in the Departments of the *Hautes Pyrénées* and *Haute Garonne*. He did not say too much about his activities during the first two months, except to mention blowing up a tunnel on the railway line north from Canfranc, by which action he prevented a trainload bearing fifty thousand tons of material from getting to Germany from Spain.

I questioned Fuller particularly about Spaniards in the *maquis*. He had several dozen in his band—magnificent fighters, he considered them, tough, bearded fellows, oddly dressed, all determined to go to Spain and blast Franco to hell. He found them hard to discipline, but so were the French in the F.F.I.

In his area of the Pyrenees there were five distinct organizations in the F.F.I., and the strongest of these was the F.T.P. (*Franco-Tireurs et Partisans*), a Communist group. Making these different groups work together was a hell of a job, Fuller said. It took two months, and as soon as the Germans were driven out, everything became politics.

### *October 31, 1944—London*

We've been plagued again by enemy projectiles. There have recently been several short alerts as flying bombs have been released from German planes. More alarming, we've had a quantity of V-2 bombs, or whatever they are.

The British government has ignored these projectiles from the beginning. They come out of the sky with such rapidity, I understand, that no time exists to sound warnings. The noise of their crash is terrific, and the reverberation is felt all over London.

Bant Littlefield and I had dinner tonight at the Senior Officers' Club. I invited him to Albany afterwards for a whisky, and as we were passing through Albany Court Yard, a V-2 crashed somewhere with terrifying explosive force. The noise was frightening, but I none-the-less believe the projectile landed far away.

People are shaking their heads over the approaching winter. If London is to be peppered with V-2's, it will be a grim experience for dwellers in the city.

*November 5, 1944—London*

My birthday—a somber, wet Sunday, intermittently disturbed by explosions of the officially ignored V-2 bombs and by a brief flying-bomb alert.

Went into Burlington House to look at the current exhibitions. The Royal Society of Portrait Painters had an inferior exhibit. I didn't see a single admirable portrait and only one or two acceptable ones. The subjects, whether generals and lords in gorgeous costumes or jeweled dowagers or pretty girls, seemed a most uninteresting lot of people: the men egotistic, the women vacuous.

One plump matron in white satin was so maladroitly painted that as I was condemning the portrait in my own mind I overheard a plainish, elderly woman say to her husband, "She looks like nothing but a lump of clay."

"An atrocious daub of the first water," he replied.

Paintings, like poems, are mostly poor.

*November 12, 1944—London*

A loud, prolonged rumbling, followed by a crack that shook the windows of Albany, announced the fall of another V-2 rocket.

The Germans have at last begun to feature V-2 in their propaganda. In consequence the British government has publicly acknowledged V-2's existence.

The Sunday papers are carrying articles saying that rockets such as V-2 will, when more highly developed, alter every condition of modern war. The V-2 rockets "travel in the neighbor-

hood of 900 m.p.h., far greater than the speed of sound, and attain a height of anything up to 100 miles." \*

A rosy future in store for civilized man!

### *November 20, 1944—London*

Coming down Bond Street tonight I noticed patches of pale light under the lampposts. The Stygian blackout is no more. This "moonlight" lamplighting actually enables one to see dimly, except between the lampposts. Piccadilly too has the new lighting. A most pleasing change.

I walked past the Circus along Shaftesbury Avenue to savor the pale light—a walk that in the full blackout invariably gives me the sinister and erroneous impression that every dark shape, motionless or moving, is on the prowl with lust. The faint new light hardly reduces my feeling of being surrounded with lurking, covert, and cheap sin. I was amused, however, to see a tall ungainly prostitute, whose regular beat is Piccadilly between Berkeley and Sackville Streets, engaged in conversation with a policeman. I didn't stop to see whether he took her away. The London police, I suppose, think the purification (temporary) of Piccadilly the most appropriate manner of honoring the new lights. The tall wench in question used to ply her trade nightly during the long daylight evenings of the early summer, but I never saw a man speak to her even once. When the flying bombs came over in quantity she disappeared. Whether she'd been killed, had gone to a house of correction or to the country, I used to wonder. She was back on the old beat as soon as the flying-bomb sites in the Pas-de-Calais were captured.

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\* Angell, in the December 1951 *Atlantic*, described V-2 as "a 12-ton rocket missile that reached a speed of nearly 4,000 miles per hour and, in contrast to the blatantly noisy V-1, descended on its target without even so much as a warning sound."



*November 21, 1944—London*

Another sign that the war may be over in the spring. At luncheon today, as Angus Acworth's guest in L'Apéritif, I had for desert strawberry ice cream. The government has just removed the ban against making ice cream, a morale-raising move, no doubt, as Acworth says, and no very serious threat to Britain's milk supplies, because the English aren't in the habit, as we Americans are, of eating ice cream in the winter.

When our ice cream was served, a middle-aged lady in Air Force uniform at the next table could hardly restrain her excitement. She hadn't known the ban was off. The white-haired British colonel beside her grunted, "Doesn't interest me, I hate the stuff." "Well, it interests me," she replied. "It's five years since I've had any. I shall certainly have a dish." "I detest it myself," he answered.

The war has again become active. The Allies have opened an offensive that should carry them at least to the Rhine. The British 2nd Army of General Dempsey, the U.S. 9th Army of General Simpson, and General Hodge's U.S. 1st Army are all three flinging forward toward Cologne. Patton's U.S. 3rd Army is surrounding Metz. The U.S. 7th Army is also on the move, and the French 1st Army has just stormed through the Belfort Gap. On the east of Germany, the Russians too have apparently resumed the offensive. The Reich is not to have a quiet winter.

London is still an enemy target. Ten minutes ago this whole room shook as a V-2 rocket-bomb crashed. Ben got to the window in time to see a flash of light in the direction of the City.

*November 23, 1944—London*

This evening Ben and I have been to a musical tribute, *To You, America!* organized by the British in the Royal Albert Hall to celebrate our American Thanksgiving. It was a great affair, with a huge picture of Abraham Lincoln over the stage, a procession of flags of all the 48 states, and recitations and music from a military band, a ladies' choir (scores of old ladies in white dresses), and the BBC Symphony Orchestra.

When we sat down and looked over the program, Ben and I sighed at the prospect of a rather corny evening. The American music played did not prove, in fact, as Ben remarked, a very choice advertisement of American culture. But there was a welcome surprise in store.

Not long after our arrival a burst of clapping and a craning of necks ensued. Winston Churchill had entered the Royal Box. The audience rose, and he stood in the front of his box while the thousands of people present applauded. Nobody gave a thought to U.S. Ambassador Winant on his right, or to the Deputy Prime Minister, Clement Attlee, or Foreign Secretary Eden. All eyes were on the Prime Minister.

Later in the evening, at the point where the program simply announced Two Speeches, Ambassador Winant appeared from behind the stage, tall and awkward. The audience rose in his honor and stayed on its feet a trifle too long. Rather nervously the Ambassador said, "Good evening." There followed an awkward pause as the audience sat down again. Mr. Winant, in a fine voice, thereupon made an address that I considered well conceived. At its conclusion Mr. Winant looked around him in slight confusion and seemed ready to retire from the stage. The conductor of the orchestra persuaded him to remain, and a chair was moved forward to enable him to be seated.

Then from the back of the hall appeared, to frenzied applause, the dark-clad figure of the rubicund Winston Churchill.

Slowly, gravely, impressively Mr. Churchill moved down the center aisle toward the stage. As I watched his stately progress, I thought: What bride could not take a lesson from this superb processional? Churchill radiated an awareness of the dignity of his position; his personality dominated that entire vast hall. I could sense that he enjoyed being the center of all eyes, and this made it the more satisfying to watch him, for neither false modesty, embarrassment, nor pomposity marred his performance. He's a master showman, all right.

When he reached the platform, he walked forward and gave Ambassador Winant a hearty handshake, a perfect symbolic gesture. Not everyone would have thought of that, for twenty minutes before, as all of us in the hall knew, the two men had been sitting side by side.

Mr. Churchill's speech, accompanied by apt oratorical gestures, was inferior to his famous speeches in which he has important things to announce. But there's no doubt that the high point of the whole evening was Winston Churchill.

### *November 26, 1944—London*

Ben and I went off to Windsor on an early train. A frost whitened the Berkshire fields, and though the sun was shining in a clear sky, the air was chill when we got off the train. At 10:30 we were to present ourselves at the Castle gate. An elderly guide, proud as a poppy of his royal connections (for the Queen has spoken to him many a time, and Lord Wigram, Governor of the Castle, chats with him often), led us to seats in the choir of St. George's Chapel. The service was distinctive only through the presence of the elaborately uniformed Military Knights of Windsor. With their cocked hats, sashes, swords, and so forth, they looked to me like lackeys in royal livery, and I felt sorry

for them. Ben had the same reaction. Our old guide, who led us around the Castle grounds after church, spoke of the Military Knights with the greatest reverence. Their Governor is a retired major general and they are all officers of rank. To my mind it must be humiliating for them to be pensioned off by the Crown and, while still hale, watch from Windsor Castle their country at war. But as they have earned repose by past bravery, I perhaps speak untruly.

A rather large crowd of us, all Americans or Canadians, were herded around the Castle in as chill weather as the season has yet provided. We weren't allowed inside. Ben found Windsor Castle grand and picturesque, as indeed it is in outline and history. But on a chill November day the unattractive masonry is unrelieved by nature. I found it most unappealing.

We hurried from Windsor to Eton again, where we were to lunch at Mr. Peterson's house. I knew that at Eton the houses where the boys live are spoken of by the names of the masters of those houses. It was a surprise to me, when we inquired our way of a top-hatted Etonian, to be told that Mr. Peterson's house was Carter House. The buildings, it seems, have their fixed names as well as their colloquial ones.

When we arrived Mr. Peterson was still upstairs reading *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, by Thomas Hardy, to his boys. He explained, when he had taken us to his study, that divine readings were the custom in the old days, but he was in favor of something more interesting to the boys.

One of Mr. Peterson's "old boys," an officer candidate, came into the room. We then went downstairs to a plain dining-room where the boys sat on either side of two long tables that were linked by a head table, in the middle of which the master placed himself, with me on his right and Ben on his left. The "old boy" in uniform sat on my other side. Grace was said in about two Latin words by Mr. Peterson.

We had a plain lunch. Beer was made available, by order of the master, to one side of the tables only. I found the officer

candidate from Aldershot more agreeable to talk to than Mr. Peterson, who had the schoolmaster's regrettable tendency to dwell on athletics. Both the long tables, I should say, were aglitter with silver cups won in intramural competitions by members of the house. I observed with interest that one of the older boys wore an orchid in his buttonhole, a touch of elegance that American boys would never tolerate in one of their number.

When we left the dining-room, the master ordered the "old boy" to lead us up to his study. Departures from the dining-room are apparently governed by seniority.

After coffee Ben and I were shown over first the house and then Eton College by one of the older boys, Archie Smith-Maxwell. When Smith-Maxwell first came into the master's study and then awkwardly retired because he was told to come back in ten minutes, I noted his hulking figure and subdued tone when addressing his tutor and concluded that he was a perfect hobbledehoy, who would be shy and awkward. But I forgot the Eton social polish. Smith-Maxwell bubbled over with amusing conversation all the time we were with him. He showed no trace of self-consciousness or shyness. He implied that he did not consider himself clever, but he proved he was not dull.

Except for the original Eton College building—which is very much like an Oxford or Cambridge college—none of the Eton buildings are either handsome or sumptuous. Ben was astonished at their commonplace appearance. He thought his own school, Phillips Andover Academy, more luxurious.

The Etonians are an unusual lot, however. In their exhibition of paintings I saw evidence of talent. The school is a mass of traditions, and so on, but its distinction clearly comes from the select character of its boys.

*November 30, 1944—London*

Ben and I were taken tonight to call upon a Hungarian anarchist, Paul Portos, who is closely allied to Spanish anarchists of the CNT.\* I went to see him with great curiosity. If any set of political extremists have been condemned unexamined by my mind, it is the anarchists.

An office acquaintance of Ben's, Mrs. Clemens, arranged the meeting. She is by birth an American and was brought up, she told me, in classical anarchist circles, for her father, an architect named Edelman, was a convinced anarchist.

She dined with Ben and me at Dorice's Restaurant, which Ben chose because he thought she would despise a more expensive or fashionable place. After dinner we went by underground to West Kensington, where it was a surprise to discover that the anarchist lives in a completely modern block of flats. Ben, upon seeing the huge brick building, felt, as he said later, acute disappointment, because he expected the anarchist to dwell in a more romantic setting, such as a dingy cellar or high garret.

When we reached Portos's flat, we were able to lay aside our disappointment. He was asleep when we came and appeared at the door bleary-eyed, wearing a dressing-gown. His face is long and swarthy. Mrs. Clemens says he is only 31, but he looks years older. The room into which he took us smelt of burnt cigars; three or four cigar stubs were lying in a glass ashtray. Books and papers were spread around messily. Plain, unattractive furniture, harsh light, a big yellow cat, a radio. Portos is an electrical engineer, and at the factory where he works is foreman of a section. Being an anarchist, he gives no orders, he says, to his subordinates, and they work the better for this absence of authority.

Mrs. Clemens curled up on a couch, Ben sat in an over-

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\* National Confederation of Workers.

stuffed chair and Portos and I on harder chairs. He brought us coffee and talked first about Spain and later about anarchy.

Having at eighteen been expelled from his native Hungary for revolutionary activities, according to Mrs. Clemens, Portos went to Spain, where, during the civil war, he was very active in CNT affairs both in Barcelona and later in Madrid.

When the conversation veered to anarchy it was impossible to get from Portos a picture of what life in a condition of anarchy would be. His emphasis upon the individual led me to inquire the difference between the theory of liberalism, as developed by English philosophers, and the theory of anarchy. I thought I detected a common denominator in the view that the individual should have liberty to develop his powers. Portos scornfully dismissed English liberalism as the generator of capitalist oppression. Mrs. Clemens called upon him to be fairer, insisting that Godwin and English thinkers prior to the industrial revolution hardly foresaw the development of capitalism. Portos admitted that liberalism had led to defects that its proponents could not anticipate and conceded that anarchism might also lead to unforeseen difficulties and errors.

A remark Portos made when we first arrived interested me. Mrs. Clemens told him she'd been fired from her job. "I congratulate you," he said, "on getting out of the service of the most imperialistic nation of the present day." We did not let that slur on the United States pass without comment. Portos denied that he is anti-American. He believes the U.S. will show a ruthless economic imperialism in the postwar years.

Portos frequently sees the Spanish CNT leaders in London. Spain, rather than Hungary, is the country on which his hopes are fixed, says Mrs. Clemens, for Spain has more anarchists than Hungary.

*December 1, 1944—London*

I lunched today at the center table at Buck's Club. On my right was an officer, who is also an M.P. Later a staff officer with the rank of brigadier—a young, clever-looking chap, the brigadier was—came in and sat on my left, diagonally across from Peter Beatty.

During the whole lunch the two officers unmercifully ragged Peter Beatty, who received their remarks with the greatest good humor. Beatty once stood for Parliament in the Dover constituency and was defeated. The officers made light of that, dragged out a great boner Beatty had pulled, and hinted that he had bribed the mayor. Beatty, a breeder of racehorses and avowedly no scholar, humorously pretended that he was determined to represent the Universities in Parliament.

The brigadier asked the Member of Parliament if he weren't going to make a speech in the House soon. The M.P. said, after all, he'd just made one recently.

"What was it about—Army leave?" asked the brigadier.

"Yes, how did you know?" asked the M.P. suspiciously.

"I guessed it," answered the brigadier. "It's a subject dear to all officers in the Household Guards."

When the M.P. had left the dining-room, the brigadier and Peter Beatty agreed that he never went near the House of Commons. They seemed to doubt that he had made any speech at all.

*December 3, 1944—London*

No expedition this Sunday. Stood on Piccadilly in the afternoon to watch a parade of the Home Guard, who are being "stood down," as the British say. A motley lot of men, many of



them too old to march without fatigue. Plodding along under gray skies, politely applauded by a medium-sized crowd, this army of part-time, amateur soldiers had a somewhat pathetic air about it. Four years ago, when the Germans seemed about to invade England, this hastily recruited Home Guard, armed with pikes, muskets, any old weapon, must have looked as unmilitary as a rack of mops. Thank God it never had need to show its heroism in blood.

During the last few months the Germans have been recruiting their home defense corps, the *Volksturm*. It makes one think, to watch Britain's Home Guard disbanded while beyond the Rhine German boys and men up to sixty are being conscripted into the *Volksturm*. Despite all the indications that Germany will be overrun and beaten by early summer—and who of us does not expect Allied troops to be in Berlin before June?—we do not *know* that victory will come to us. Surely in June 1940 the average German believed that Hitler would be in London in the following autumn. The Home Guard was one manifestation of the roused British spirit that effectively prevented Britain's surrender. What checks will the roused German spirit produce? Our armies are slogging forward, but they have far to go and much blood to shed before they cross the Rhine. And even then, will their advance be rapid?

### *December 5, 1944—London*

Riots and fighting in liberated Athens. Riots not long ago in liberated Brussels. How the Germans must mock us! In Italy it is the same: a political crisis.

With what are we replacing the cruel military government of the Germans? Poor people of Europe! As the nights grow longer with approaching winter, remoter seems the dawning of

freedom, economic betterment, peace, and social equality. It is not enough to slay the dragon: we must nourish and love the maiden.

Upon my return to the office, I received a call. Orders have come through from Paris to have me transferred there. This news, which I largely welcome, immediately depressed me.

Just now, 11 P.M., a resounding crash from the explosion of a V-2 bomb. I suppose it was far away, but the noise was terrific. Last evening we had a brief flying-bomb alert, but heard no explosion.

Ben finds these V-2 explosions very frightening. They don't particularly upset me, because they are so infrequent, and once the noise is heard it is evident that the explosion is elsewhere. Ben gets a violent nervous reaction from them. Saturday evening he was in the kitchen preparing supper by himself when one went off. He says he ran to get away, tripped, and fell flat on his face, bruising his knee considerably. At the time I was in a restaurant just the other side of Regent Street, and heard nothing, so the explosion couldn't have been close. Tonight's V-2 may be nearer than I thought. I've just heard the bells of a fire engine.

### *December 7, 1944—London*

The V-2 crashed near Oxford Street, demolishing a pub across the street from the Duke Street canteen, managed by Lyons as a private restaurant for U.S. government employees. Ben Chrisman nicknamed the canteen "The Greasy Spoon," and that is what our office calls it. I've lunched there often and naturally feel the greatest gratitude that the bomb did not hit at lunch time.

For all the hundreds of times I've walked past the corner

building, now a hole in the ground, I've not got the slightest memory of its appearance.

Mrs. White, our maid,\* greeted me this morning with the report (from her husband, a policeman) that the bomb had fallen just back of Selfridge's store (which it did) and that many American servicemen had been hurt.

Being a woman with a strong hatred of the well-to-do and employing classes, Mrs. White could ill conceal her pleasure that the West End had been hit. Mayfair, after all, nearly escaped the flying bombs. To have it immune from V-2 would be more than Mrs. White, with her social grudge, could bear.

At lunch time we walked to Oxford Street and peered down Duke Street from in front of Selfridge's. The area was roped off. Little could be seen. The corner pub was gone; the neighboring buildings all stood, but their windows were blown in. Even several blocks away, on Brook Street, the building where I work had had many of its windows shattered. On the pavement on Oxford Street I saw a large carved stone from a cornice. The blast must have hurled it there.

### *December 10, 1944—Salisbury*

Ben and I took yesterday afternoon off and came to Salisbury by the 3:30 train.

We first fortified ourselves by a good lunch at Buck's Club, and there we heard an Englishman denounce Mr. Churchill's policy in Greece—an Englishman with a fine, intellectual head and artistic look. The average fox-hunting, aristocratic member of Buck's is an out-and-out Tory, I suspect, and no doubt backs the Prime Minister one hundred per cent. But our acquaintance,

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\* Our previous maid gave up her job and left London because of the bombings.

though appearing himself most finely bred, foresees disasters from the application of Churchill's policy. With such a British precedent of intervention in Greece, how shall Stalin be denied similar rights of intervention in Spain? Ben and I were both curious to learn who our acquaintance was. Ben felt he might be an actor, but I think that unlikely. An M.P. almost certainly.

Unfortunately by the time we reached Salisbury it was already dark. To our surprise, however, Salisbury has street lighting—not full strength, to be sure, but several times lighter than the wan illumination of Piccadilly. “It seems so artificial,” I exclaimed, my eyes almost smarting from the unaccustomed light.

Salisbury is pleasantly picturesque after Mayfair. Ben and I went on a “pub crawl.” God knows how many pubs we visited and how many half-pints of beer we washed down. The pubs were nearly all alike, each crowded so that we could hardly make our way from door to bar. U.S. soldiers were in every pub. Thousands must be camped near Salisbury. In several singing was going on. The American soldiers in Salisbury dress less formally than soldiers on leave in London. To the townspeople they must seem a noisy, coarse element, but I observed no improper behavior.

This morning, wet and cold with a wind, Ben and I went immediately to the great bare Cathedral. We allowed ourselves to be ushered into seats in the Choir, where we attended morning prayers, listened pleasurably to the singing of the boys' choir and heard a canon preach. The canon I thought rather smug when he declared that “moral considerations are given greater weight among the Anglo-Saxon peoples than among any other peoples in the world.” This he attributed to the influence of the English Bible.

At the end of the service—noting that preparations were being made at the altar for communion—we left our stalls and wandered into the nave. We were reading tomb inscriptions when the verger came up and said angrily, “Sung Eucharist!”

We looked aghast and stood a moment bewildered while the verger repeated, "Sung Eucharist! Sung Eucharist!" It then dawned upon our irreligious and ignorant minds that he wanted us to leave because the new service was beginning. Ben said he looked down to see if he had stepped on something when the verger first hissed, "Sung Eucharist!" Weighed down with a feeling of error and blasphemy, we slunk outside into the rain. A military convoy of U.S. tanks clattered past. I confess to thinking with satisfaction that the hideous clatter of the tanks must be more disturbing to the angry verger's Sung Eucharist than any shuffling sounds my feet might have made on the nave floor.

This afternoon we went to the local museum, where, as if we had entered a shop, an attendant by the door inquired, "What would you like to see?" We were still seeking an answer when he said something about Stonehenge antiquities and led us to an interior room where a plump, rather elderly gentleman to whom he brought us asked, "What are you seeking here?" "Warmth!" replied Ben, but this facetious answer was ignored, and the old gentleman, an archaeologist and antiquary, proceeded at once to his business and lectured to us upon the history and characteristics of Stonehenge, pointing to charts, plaster models, and exhumed pottery.

### *December 11, 1944—London*

The V-2 that fell the other night back of Selfridge's broke up the plaster of the ceiling over the stair well in our building on Brook Street. Two workmen accosted me on the stairs to say they would have to repair the ceiling, as it was dangerous. They must erect a scaffolding that would bar access to the top floor. My Section, which occupied the top floor, in

consequence has had to move. I carried down chairs and tables. Some of us are installed in a large bathroom. The workmen said they'd erect the scaffolding after lunch, but they did nothing all afternoon because the wood wasn't delivered.

### *December 12, 1944—London*

No scaffolding built yet. The Ministry of Works has thousands of men patching London. They're always being delayed for lack of materials. Hours are wasted idling. So far the workmen haven't fixed a single window in our building. Meanwhile the raw December air sweeps in.

### *December 14, 1944—London*

Spent much of the afternoon at the Quartermasters' Store, buying military clothing. In Paris I shall have to dress in the uniform of an officer, minus insignia of rank.

### *December 15, 1944—London*

Most of today I have been doing chores connected with my departure. I had to bring a new footlocker full of clothes to Albany, so I dropped in at Buck's for luncheon. There at the center table I heard talk that shows that wealthy Englishmen have not lost all their privileges after five years of war.

A gentleman remarked that he had done something of which

he was frightfully ashamed last evening. At the Stage Door Canteen, which he apparently directs, Crown Prince Olaf of Norway made an appearance, said a few well-chosen words to the soldiers, and was vigorously applauded. After the affair at the Canteen, he and his wife on the spur of the moment invited Prince Olaf and a party of people to their home in Park Lane. His wife, he said, had a couple of turkeys in the refrigerator left over from a recent party and decided to provide an impromptu supper. But they didn't have enough whisky for the crowd. With turkey they couldn't serve a light white wine, so his wife made him go into the wine cellar and fetch out several bottles of 1915 Burgundy—a magnificent and rare wine. The bottles were cold: there was no way to warm them. The wine tasted passably well served chill, and made them merry enough to sing foreign songs, but it was a tragic waste of a great wine and he was thoroughly ashamed of it.

Like him, I regret that the Burgundy was drunk without being warmed to room temperature, but I was more shocked to discover a household with “a couple of turkeys” casually on hand. The ordinary English housewife cannot buy a turkey, goes months before she can procure a chicken, and even has difficulty getting fresh fish.

### *December 19, 1944—London*

Everybody is uneasy and unhappy over von Rundstedt's sudden, powerful offensive against the U.S. 1st Army under General Hodges. It is brilliantly timed, psychologically. Whatever the military may have foreseen—and I'm dreadfully afraid they've been surprised—the public certainly had not expected a German attack. We all decided months ago that Germany was beaten—it was just a matter of time. This evidence that the

German army has a big punch left has astonished and disconcerted us. Our Christmas is spoiled. That old cliché, "The war will be over by Christmas," which has been appearing annually, makes a pre-Christmas German offensive all the more startling.

Some people follow the lead of the newspapers and believe von Rundstedt's attack, by bringing the Germans into the open in a last desperate gesture, will hasten the German collapse. I hope they're right. I personally believe the onslaught will push us back for important distances.

### *December 22, 1944—London*

The military situation is still disquieting. The American 1st Army has obviously received a staggering blow. It is terrible to think of the losses. I find Londoners showing no visible signs of worry or emotion. The weather has been horribly wet, foggy, and depressing, which has grounded planes and has been a disadvantage to our troops.



# Postscript

The weather's tie-up of cross-Channel traffic and the effect of the German offensive upon conditions in Paris delayed my departure by several weeks. I had Christmas in Gloucestershire rather than in France.

The business of getting ready to leave caused neglect of the diary. Its manuscript books had, moreover, in advance of my going, to be deposited with the censor until the war's end. This record thus terminated before the V-2's stopped falling.

They continued with increasing frequency. The months during which I wrote my impressions might already, but for fatal delays in Germany, have witnessed the ruin of London—its evacuation, uninhabitability, and annihilation—had not the Allied armies during that same period swept forward from the Normandy beaches to capture the bulk of Hitler's launching-sites. The time-factor in London's survival deserves to be remembered. "If the German had succeeded in perfecting and using these new weapons six months earlier than he did," General Eisenhower has written, "our invasion of Europe would have proved exceedingly difficult, perhaps impossible."

As it was, the damage to England shakes complacency. It is calculated\* that approximately 2,500 V-1's and 1,000 V-2's exploded inside the country. These are the missiles that broke through the defenses. They killed nearly 10,000 people and seriously injured some 25,000. "At least 4,500,000 British civilians were rendered homeless or to some degree inconvenienced." As for physical destruction, over 200,000 buildings—the bulk of

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\* Statistics from Angell, *op. cit.*

them people's homes—suffered such destruction as to put them beyond repair. The buildings that were damaged less seriously, needing some type of repair, amounted to 1,339,000.

The foregoing diary, therefore, should be considered the record of an individual fortunate to have suffered nothing but fright.









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